

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, APRIL, 1843.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ARISTOCRACY OF TALENT.

"There is a quantity of talent latent among men, ever rising to the level of the great occasions that call it forth."

This illustration, borrowed by Sir James Mackintosh from chemical science, and so happily applied, may serve to indicate the undoubted truth, that talent is a growth as much as a gift; that circumstances call out and develop its latent powers; that as soil, flung upon the surface from the uttermost penetrable depths of earth, will be found to contain long-dormant germs of vegetable life, so the mind of man, acted upon by circumstances, will ever be found equal to a certain sum of production—the amount of which will be chiefly determined by the force and direction of the external influence which first set it in motion.

The more we reflect upon this important subject, we shall find the more, that external circumstances have an influence upon intellect, increasing in an accumulating ratio; that the political institutions of various countries have their fluctuating and contradictory influences; that example controls in a great degree intellectual production, causing after-growths, as it were, of the first luxuriant crop of master-minds, and giving a character and individuality to habits of thought and modes of expression; in brief, that great occasions will have great instruments, and there never was yet a noted time that had not noted men. Dull, jog-trot, money-making, commercial times will make, if they do not find, dull, jog-trot, money-making, commercial men: in times when ostentation and expense are the measures of respect, when men live rather for the world's opinion than their own, poverty becomes not only the evil but the shame, not only the curse but the disgrace, and will be shunned by every man as a pestilence; every one will fling away immortality, to avoid it; will sink, as far as he can, his art in his trade; and he will be the greatest genius who can turn the most money.

It may be urged that true genius has the power not only to take opportunities, but to make them: true, it may make such opportunities as the time in which it lives affords; but these opportunities will be great or small, noble or ignoble, as the time is

eventful or otherwise. All depends upon the time, and you might as well have expected a Low Dutch epic poet in the time of the great herring fishery, as a Napoleon, a Demosthenes, a Cicero in this, by some called the nineteenth, but which we take leave to designate the "dot-and-carry-one" century. If a Napoleon were to arise at any corner of any London street, not five seconds would elapse until he would be "hooked" off to the station-house by Superintendent Dogsnose of the D division, with an exulting mob of men and boys hooting at his heels; if Demosthenes or Cicero, disguised as Chartist orators, mounting a tub at Deptford, were to Phillipicize, or entertain this motley auditory with speeches against Cataline or Verres, straightway the Superintendent of the X division, with a posse of constables at his heels, dismounts the patriot orator from his tub, and hands him over to a plain-spoken business-like justice of the peace, who regards an itinerant Cicero in the same unsympathizing point of view with any other vagabond.

What is become of the eloquence of the bar? Why is it that flowery orators find no grist coming to their mills? How came it that, at Westminster Hall, Charles Phillips missed his market? What is the reason, that if you step into the Queen's Bench, or Common Pleas, or Exchequer, you will hear no such thing as a speech, behold no such animal as an orator, only a shrewd, plain, hard-working, steady man, called an attorney-general, or a sergeant, or a leading counsel, quietly talking over a matter of law with the judge, or a matter of fact with the jury, like men of business as they are, and shunning, as they would a rattlesnake, all clap-trap arguments, figures, flowers, and the obsolete embroidery of rhetoric?

London overflows with talent. You may compare it, for the purpose of illustration, to one of George Robins' patent fitters, into which pours turbid torrents of Thames water, its sediment, mud, dirt, weeds, and rottenness; straining through the various strata, its grosser particles are arrested in their course, and nothing that is not pure, transparent, and limpid is transmitted.—In the great filter of London life, conceit, pretension, small provincial abilities, pseudo-talent, soi-disant intellect, are tried, re-

jected, and flung out again. True genius is tested by judgment, fastidiousness, emulation, difficulty, privation; and, passing through many ordeals, persevering, makes its way through all; and at length, in the fulness of time, flows forth, in acknowledged purity and refinement, upon the town.

There is a perpetual onward, upward tendency in the talent, both high and low, mechanical and intellectual, that abounds in London:

"Emulation hath a thousand sons,"

who are ever and always following fast upon your heels. There is no time to dawdle or linger on the road, no "stop and go on again;" if you but step aside to fasten your shoe-tie, your place is occupied—you are edged off, pushed out of the main current, and condemned to circle slowly in the lazy eddy of some complimenting clique. Thousands are to be found, anxious and able to take your place; while hardly one misses you, or turns his head to look after you should you lose your own; you live but while you labor, and are no longer remembered than while you are reluctant to repose.

Talent of all kinds brings forth perfect fruits, only when concentrated upon one object; no matter how versatile men may be, mankind has a wise and salutary prejudice against diffused talent; for although knowledge diffused immortalizes itself, diffused talent is but a shallow pool, glittering in the noonday sun, and soon evaporated; concentrated, it is a well, from whose depths perpetually may we draw the limpid waters. Therefore is the talent of London concentrated, and the division of labor minute. When we talk of a lawyer, a doctor, a man of letters, in a provincial place, we recognize at once a man who embraces all that his opportunities present him with, in whatever department of his profession. The lawyer is, at one and the same time, advocate, chamber counsel, conveyancer, pleader; the doctor an accoucheur, apothecary, physician, surgeon, dentist, or at least, in a greater or less degree, unites in his own person, these—in London, distinct and separate—professions, according as his sphere of action is narrow or extended; the country journalist is sometimes proprietor, editor, sub-editor, traveller, and canvasser, or two or more of these heterogeneous and incompatible avocations. The result is, an obvious, appreciable, and long established superiority in that product which is the result of minutely divided labor.

The manufacture of a London watch or piano will employ, each, at least twenty trades, exclusive of the preparers, importers, and venders of the raw material used in these articles; every one of these trades-

men shall be, nay must be, the best of their class, or at least the best that can be obtained; and for this purpose, the inducements of high wages are held out to workmen generally, and their competition for employment enables the manufacturer to secure the most skilful. It is just the same with a broken-down constitution, or a law-suit; the former shall be placed under the care of a lung-doctor, a liver-doctor, a heart-doctor, a dropsy-doctor, or whatever other doctor is supposed best able to understand the case; each of these doctors shall have read lectures and published books, and made himself known for his study and exclusive attention to one of the "thousand ills that flesh is heir to;" the latter shall go through the hands of dozens of men skilful in that branch of the law connected with the particular injury. So it is with every thing else of production, mechanical or intellectual, or both, that London affords; the extent of the market permits the minute division of labor, and the minute division of labor reacts upon the market, raising the price of its produce, and branding it with the signs of a legitimate superiority.

Hence the superior intelligence of working men, of all classes, high and low, in the World of London; hence that striving after excellence, that never-ceasing tendency to advance in whatever they are engaged in, that so distinguishes the people of this wonderful place; hence the improvements of to-day superseded by the improvements of to-morrow; hence speculation, enterprise, unknown to the inhabitants of less extended spheres of action.

Competition, emulation, and high wages give us an aristocracy of talent, genius, skill, tact, or whatever you like to call it; but you are by no means to understand that any of these aristocracies, or better classes, stand prominently before their fellows socially, or, that one is run after in preference to another; nobody runs after anybody in the World of London.

In this respect, no capital, no country on the face of the earth, resembles us; every where else you will find a leading class, giving a tone to society, and moulding it in some one or other direction; a predominating *set*, the pride of those who are *in*, the envy of those who are *below* it. There is nothing of this kind in London; here every man has his own set, and every man his proper pride. In every set, social or professional, there are great names, successful men, prominent; but the set is nothing the greater for them; no man sheds any lustre upon his fellows, nor is a briefless barrister a whit more thought of because he and Lyndhurst are of the same profession.

Take a look at other places: in money-getting places, you find society follow-

ing, like so many dogs, the aristocracy of 'Change; every man knows the worth of every other man, that is to say, *what* he is worth.

A good man, elsewhere a relative term, is *there* a man good for *so* much; hats are elevated and bodies depressed upon a scale of ten thousand pounds to an inch; "I hope you are well," from one of the aristocracy of these places is always translated to mean, "I hope you are solvent," and "how d'ye do?" from another, is equivalent to "doing a bill."

The aristocracies of our provincial capitals are those of literature in the one, and lickspittling in the other: mercantile towns have their aristocracies of money, or muckworm aristocracies: Rome has an ecclesiastical—Prussia, Russia, military aristocracies: Germany, an aristocracy of functionaries: France has two, or even three, great aristocracies—military, place-hunting and foolscap.

Now, then, attend to what we are going to say: London is cursed with no predominating, no overwhelming, no *characteristic* aristocracy. There is no *set* or *clique* of any sort or description of men that you can point to, and say, that's the London set. We turn and round and desire to be informed what set do you mean: every *salon* has its set, and every pot-house its set also; and the frequenters of each set are neither envious of the position of the other, nor dissatisfied with their own: the pretenders to fashion, or hangers-on upon the outskirts of high life, are alone the servile set, or spaniel set, who want the proper self-respecting pride which every distinct aristocracy maintains in the World of London.

We are a great firmament, a moonless azure, glowing with stars of all magnitudes, and myriads of *nebulae* of no magnitudes at all: we move harmoniously in our several orbits, minding our own business, satisfied with our position, thinking, it may be, with harmless vanity, that we bestow more light upon earth than any ten, and that the eyes of all terrestrial stargazers are upon us. Adventurers, pretenders, and quacks, are our meteors, our *aurora*, our comets, our falling-stars, shooting athwart our hemisphere, and exhaling into irretrievable darkness: our tuft-hunters are satellites of Jupiter, invisible to the naked eye: our clear frosty atmosphere that sets us all a-twinkling is prosperity, and we, too, have our clouds that hide us from the eyes of men. The noon-day of our own bustling time beholds us dimly; but posterity regards us as it were from the bottom of a well. Time, that exact observer, applies his micrometer to every one of us, determining our rank among celestial bodies without appeal, and from time to time enrolling in his *ephemeris*

such new luminaries as may be vouchsafed to the long succession of ages.

If there is one thing that endears London to men of superior order—to true aristocrats, no matter of what species, it is that universal equality of outward condition, that republicanism of everyday life, which pervades the vast multitudes who hum, and who drone, who gather honey, and who, without gathering, consume the products of this gigantic hive. Here you can never be extinguished or put out by any overwhelming interest.

Neither are we in London pushed to the wall by the two or three hundred great men of every little place. We are not invited to a main of small talk with the cock of his own dunghill; we are never told, as a great favor, that Mr. Alexander Scald-head, the phrenologist, is to be there, and that we can have our "bumps" felt for nothing; or that the Chevalier Doembrowski (a London pickpocket in disguise) is expected to recite a Polish ode, accompanying himself on the Jew's karp; we are not bored with the misconduct of the librarian, who *never* has the first volume of the last new novel, or invited to determine whether Louisa Fitzmythe or Angelina Stubbsville deserves to be considered the heroine; we are not required to be in raptures because Mrs. Alfred Shaw or Clara Novello are expected, or to break our hearts with disappointment because they didn't come: the arrival, performances, and departure, of Ducrow's horses, or Wombwell's wild beasts, affect us with no extraordinary emotion; even Assizes time concerns most of us nothing.

Then, again, how vulgar, how commonplace in London is the aristocracy of wealth; of Mrs. Grub, who, in a provincial town, keeps her carriage, and is at once the envy and the scandal of all the ladies who have to proceed upon their ten toes, we wot not the existence. Mr. Bill Wright, the banker, the respected, respectable, influential, twenty per cent Wright, in London is merely a licensed dealer in money; he visits at Camberwell Hill, or Hampstead Heath, or wherever other tradesmen of his class delight to dwell; his wife and daughters patronize the Polish balls, and Mr. Bill Wright, jun., sports a stall at the (English) opera; we are not overdone by Mr. Bill Wright, overcome by Mrs. Bill Wright, or the Misses Bill Wright, nor overcrowed by Mr. Bill Wright the younger: in a word, we don't care a cross cheque for the whole Bill Wrightish connexion.

What are carriages, or carriage-keeping people in London? It is not here, as in the provinces, by their carriages shall you know them; on the contrary, the carriage of a duchess is only distinguishable from

that of a parvenu, by the superior expensiveness and vulgarity of the latter.

The vulgarity of ostentatious wealth with us, defeats the end it aims at. That expense which is lavished to impress us with awe and admiration, serves only as a provocative to laughter, and inducement to contempt; where great wealth and good taste go together, we at once recognise the harmonious adaptation of means to ends; where they do not, all extrinsic and adventitious expenditure availeth its disbursers nothing.

What animal on earth was ever so inhumanly preposterous as a lord mayor's footman, and yet it takes sixty guineas, at the least, to make that poor lick-plate a common laughing-stock?

In London, every man is responsible for himself, and his position is the consequence of his conduct. If a great author, for example, or artist, or politician, should choose to outrage the established rules of society in any essential particular, he is neglected and even shunned in his private, though he may be admired and lauded in his public capacity. Society marks the line between the *public* and the *social* man; and this line no eminence, not even that of premier minister of England, will enable a public man to confound.

Wherever you are invited in London to be introduced to a great man, by any of his parasites or hangers-on, you may be assured that your great man is no such thing; you may make up your mind to be presented to some quack, some hollow-skulled fellow, who makes up by little arts, small tactics, and every variety of puff, for the want of the inherent excellence which will enable him to stand alone. These gentlemen form the Cockney school proper of art, literature, the drama, every thing; and they go about seeking praise, as a goatsucker hunts insects, with their mouths wide open; they pursue their prey in troops, like jackals, and like them, utter at all times a melancholy, complaining howl; they imagine that the world is in a conspiracy not to admire them, and they would bring an action against the world if they could. But as that is impossible, they are content to rail against the world in good set terms; they are always puffing in the papers, but in a side-winded way, yet you can trace them always at work, through the daily, weekly, monthly periodicals in desperate exertions to attract public attention. They have at their head one sublime genius, whom they swear by, and they admire him the more, the more incomprehensible and oracular he appears to the rest of mankind.

These are the men who cultivate extensive tracts of forehead, and are deeply versed in the effective display of depending ringlets and ornamental whiskers; they

dress in black, with white chokers, and you will be sure to find a lot of them at evening parties of the middling sorts of doctors, or the better class of boarding-houses.

This class numbers not merely literary men, but actors, artists, adventuring politicians, small scientifics, and a thousand others, who have not energy or endurance to work their way in solitary labor, or who feel that they do not possess the power to go alone.

Public men in London appear naked at the bar of public opinion; laced coats, ribands, embroidery, titles, avail nothing, because these things are common, and have the common fate of common things, to be cheaply estimated. The eye is satiated with them, they come like shadows, so depart; but they do not feed the eye of the mind; the understanding is not the better for such gingerbread; we are compelled to look out for some more substantial nutriment, and we try the inward man, and test his capacity. Instead of measuring his bumps, like a land-surveyor, we dissect his brain, like an anatomist; we estimate him, whether he be high or low, in whatever department of life, not by what he says he can do, or means to do, but by what he has done. By this test is every man of talent tried in London; this is his grand, his formal difficulty, to get the opportunity of showing what he can do, of being put into circulation, of having the chance of being tested, like a shilling, by the ring of the customer and the bite of the critic; for the opportunity, the chance to edge in, the chink to wedge in, the purchase whereon to work the length of his lever, he must be ever on the watch; for the sunshine blink of encouragement, the April shower of praise, he must await the long of winter "hope deferred" passing away. Patience, the courage of the man of talent, he must exert for many a dreary and unrewarded day; he must see the quack and the pretender lead an undiscerning public by the nose, and say nothing; nor must he exult when the too-long enduring public kicks the pretender and the quack into deserved oblivion. From many a door that will hereafter gladly open for him, he must be content to be presently turned away. Many a scanty meal, many a lonely and unfriended evening in this vast wilderness, must he pass in trying on his armor, and preparing himself for the fight that he still believes will come, and in which his spirit, strong within him, tells him he must conquer. While the night yet shrouds him he must labor, and with patient, and happily for him, if with religious hope, he watch the first faint glimmerings of the dawning day; for his day, if he is worthy to behold it, will come, and he will yet be recompensed

"by that time and chance which happeneth to all." And if his heart fails him, and his coward spirit turns to flee, often as he sits, tearful, in the solitude of his chamber, will the remembrance of the early struggles of the immortals shame that coward spirit. The shade of the sturdy Johnson, hungering, dinnerless, will mutely reproach him for sinking thus beneath the ills that the "scholar's life assail." The kindly-hearted, amiable Goldsmith, pursued to the gates of a prison by a mercenary wretch who fattened upon the produce of that lovely mind, smiling upon him, who bid him be of good cheer. A thousand names, that fondly live in the remembrance of our hearts, will he conjure up, and all will tell the same story of early want, and long neglect, and lonely friendlessness. Then will he reproach himself, saying, "What am I, that I should quail beneath the misery that broke not minds like these? What am I, that I should be exempt from the earthly fate of the immortals!"

True talent, on the contrary, in London, meets its reward, if it lives to be rewarded; but it has, of its own right, no social pre-eminence, nor is set above or below any of the other aristocracies, in what we take the liberty of calling its private life. In this, as in all other our aristocracies, men are regarded not as of their set, but as of themselves: they are individually admired, not worshipped as a congregation: their social influence is not aggregated, though their public influence may be. When a man, of whatever class, leaves his closet, he is expected to meet society upon equal terms: the scholar, the man of rank, the politician, the *millionaire*, must merge in the gentleman: if he chooses to individualize his aristocracy in his own person, he must do so at home, for it will not be understood or submitted to any where else.

The rewards of intellectual labor applied to purposes of remote, or not immediately appreciable usefulness, as in social literature, and the loftier branches of the fine arts, are, with us, so few, as hardly to be worth mentioning, and pity 'tis that it should be so. The law, the church, the army, and the faculty of physic, have not only their fair and legitimate remuneration for independent labor, but they have their several prizes, to which all who excel, may confidently look forward when the time of weariness and exhaustion shall come; when the pressure of years shall slacken exertion, and diminished vigor crave some haven of repose, or at least, some mitigated toil, with greater security of income: some place of honor with repose—the ambition of declining years.—The influence of the great prize of the law, the church, and other professions in this country, has often been insisted upon with

great reason: it has been said, and truly said, that not only do these prizes reward merit already passed through its probationary stages, but serve as inducements to all who are pursuing the same career. It is not so much the example of the prize-holder, as the prize, that stimulates men onward and upward: without the hope of reaching one of these comfortable stations, hope would be extinguished, talent lie fallow, energy be limited to the mere attainment of subsistence; great things would not be done, or attempted, and we would behold only a dreary level of indiscriminate mediocrity. If this be true of professions, in which, after a season of severe study, a term of probation, the knowledge acquired in early life sustains the professor, with added experience of every day, throughout the rest of his career, with how much more force will it apply to professions or pursuits, in which the mind is perpetually on the rack to produce novelties, and in which it is considered derogatory to a man to reproduce his own ideas, copy his own pictures, or multiply, after the same model, a variety of characters and figures!

A few years of hard reading, constant attention in the chambers of the conveyancer, the equity draftsman, the pleader, and a few years more of that disinterested observance of the practice of the courts, which is liberally afforded to every young barrister, and indeed which many enjoy throughout life, and he is competent, with moderate talent, to protect the interests of his client, and with moderate mental labor to make a respectable figure in his profession. In like manner, four or five years sedulous attendance on lectures, dissections, and practice of the hospitals, enables your physician to see how little remedial power exists in his boasted art; knowing this, he feels pulses, and orders a recognized routine of draughts and pills with the formality which makes the great secret of his profession. When the patient dies, nature, of course, bears the blame; and when nature, happily uninterfered with, recovers his patient, the doctor stands on tiptoe. Henceforward his success is determined by other than medical sciences: a pill-box and pair, a good house in some recognized locality, Sunday dinners, a bit of a book, grand power of head-shaking, shoulder-shrugging, bamboozling weak-minded men and women, and, if possible, a religious connexion.

For the clergyman, it is only necessary that he should be orthodox, humble, and pious; that he should on no occasion, right or wrong, set himself in opposition to his ecclesiastical superiors; that he should preach unpretending sermons; that he should never make jokes, nor understand the jokes of another: this is all that he wants to get on respectably. If he is am-

bitious, and wishes one of the great prizes, he must have been a free-thinking reviewer, have written pamphlets, or made a fuss about the Greek particle, or, what will avail him more than all, have been tutor to a minister of state.

Thus you perceive, for men whose education is intellectual, but whose practice is more or less mechanical, you have many great, intermediate, and little prizes in the lottery of life; but where, on the contrary, are the prizes for the historian, transmitting to posterity the events, and men, and times long since past; where the prize of the analyst of mind, of the dramatic, the epic, or the lyric poet, the essayist, and all whose works are likely to become the classics of future times; where the prize of the public journalist, who points the direction of public opinion, and, himself without place, station, or even name, teaches Governments their duty, and prevents Ministers of State becoming, by hardihood or ignorance, intolerable evils; where the prize of the great artist, who has not employed himself making faces for hire, but who has worked in loneliness and isolation, living, like Barry, upon raw apples and cold water, that he might bequeath to his country some memorial worthy the age in which he lived, and the art for which he lived? For these men, and such as these, are no prizes in the lottery of life; a grateful country sets apart for them no places where they can retire in the full enjoyment of their fame; condemned to labor for their bread, not in a dull mechanical routine of professional, official, or business-like duties, but in the most severe, most wearing of all labor, the labor of the brain, they end where they begun. With struggling they begin life, with struggling they make their way in life, with struggling they end life; poverty drives away friends, and reputation multiplies enemies. The man whose thoughts will become the thoughts of our children, whose minds will be reflected in the mirror of his mind, who will store in their memories his household words, and carry his lessons in their hearts, dies not unwillingly, for he has nothing in life to look forward to; closes with indifference his eyes on a prospect where no gleam of hope sheds its sunlight on the broken spirit; he dies, is borne by a few hundred friends to a lowly sepulchre, and the newspapers of some days after give us the following paragraph:—

"We regret to be obliged to state that Dr. —, or —, Esq. (as the case may be) died on Saturday last, at his lodgings two pair back in Back Place, Pimlico, (or) at his cottage (a miserable cabin where he retired to die) at Kingston-upon-Thames. It is our melancholy duty to inform our readers that this highly gifted

and amiable man, who for so many years delighted and improved the town, and who was a most strenuous supporter of the (Radical or Conservative) cause, (it is necessary to set forth this miserable statement to awaken the gratitude of faction towards the family of the dead,) has left a rising family totally unprovided for. We are satisfied that it is only necessary to allude to this distressing circumstance, in order to enlist the sympathies, &c. &c., (in short, to get up a subscription)."

We confess we are at a loss to understand why the above advertisement should be kept stereotyped, to be inserted with only the interpolation of name and date, when any man dies who has devoted himself to pursuits of a purely intellectual character. Nor are we unable to discover in the melancholy, and, as it would seem, unavoidable fates of such men, substantial grounds of that diversion of the aristocracy of talent to the pursuit of professional distinction, accompanied by profit, of which our literature, art, and science are now suffering, and will continue to suffer, the consequences.

In a highly artificial state of society, where a command, not merely of the essentials, but of some of the superfluities of life are requisite as passports to society, no man will willingly devote himself to pursuits which will render him an outlaw, and his family dependent on the tardy gratitude of an indifferent world. The stimulus of fame will be inadequate to maintain the energies even of great minds, in a contest of which the victories are wreaths of barren bays. Nor will any man willingly consume the morning of his days in amassing intellectual treasures for posterity, when his contemporaries behold him dimming with unavailing tears his twilight of existence, and dying with the worse than deadly pang, the consciousness that those who are nearest and dearest to his heart must eat the bread of charity.—Nor is it quite clear to our apprehension, that the prevalent system of providing for merely intellectual men, by a State annuity or pension, is the best that can be devised: it is hard that the pensioned aristocracy of talent should be exposed to the taunt of receiving the means of their subsistence from this or that minister, upon suppositions of this or that ministerial assistance which, whether true or false, cannot fail to derogate from that independent dignity of mind which is never extinguished in the breast of the true aristocrat of talent, save by unavailing struggles, long-continued, with the unkindness of fortune.

We wish the aristocracy of power to think over this, and so very heartily bid them-farewell.



From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE "BLACK."

"A man he was to all the country—DEAR."

Mr. Smoothly M'Fibb was a man of education—a man of substance, too, if judged by his shadow, for his outline was inclined to the spherical; by the mercurial vivacity of his manners he might have been taken for an actor; but those who had suffered from the infliction of his ready, off-hand promises, discovered that he was really no performer, although they confessed that he might have been on the boards, as he was certainly an ex-actor!

He was as shining and polished as a new mahogany table; in fact, it was precisely the same, being all on the surface, and a veritable shallow, superficial, French polish, acquired by a constant friction in Paris and St. Pelagie; in which latter asylum he spent a great deal of his time, after hav-

ing spent all the money he could command or borrow.

Having performed the required quarantine in this lazaretto, he was enlarged, or rather let loose upon society; for he was as loose in morals as in language, having acquired a great addition to his stock of words in this central depot of dissoluteness and villany, which was occasionally vented in the shape of profane oaths and billingsgate expletives. Finding the confinement which he had experienced in France by no means congenial to the unlimited views of his active disposition, he crossed the Channel with habits he had obtained at considerable expense, and a wardrobe that cost him nothing.

London he found particularly adapted to his exploits; it was like a rich trout-stream, in which he angled without license or permission, audaciously casting his lines, and plundering recklessly what

others had preserved at great cost. He found the natives wonderfully attracted by the bait of wealth; and, although he was really pennyless, he was one of those prudential hypocrites who "assume a virtue if they have it not."

Finding a lodging in a fashionable quarter of the town, kept by the widow of an officer, who had lately entered upon the speculation, with the hope of supporting herself and two daughters, he "viewed" them.

Pleased with his manners, the lady, who was, of course, very obliging, and, perhaps, too communicative, spoke of her lamented husband, while, M'Fibb, having furnished himself with information by his leading questions, surprised and gratified the widow by exclaiming,

"Bracebridge! why, sure it was not Captain Bracebridge of the—whom I had the honor and pleasure of meeting at Boulogne in the year —" &c.

"The same, my dear sir!" cried the widow, with tears in her eyes; "and did you really know him?"

"Know him, my dear madam! I knew him intimately," replied the ready M'Fibb; "why, we were like two brothers! You have really cause to be proud of his memory; he was a most estimable man. I was his junior, and, I am sorry to say, was rather gay, and used frequently to joke him upon never joining our midnight revelries. 'My dear M'Fibb,' said he, 'I am a married man.' I laughed irreverently, but he assumed so grave a countenance that I apologised for hurting his feelings. He shook me kindly by the hand, and I felt reproved for my levity. 'I have a virtuous and amiable wife, and two dear daughters, in England,' he continued, 'and neither my limited income nor my inclination will allow me to enter into those enjoyments and pursuits which youths of high blood, and full purses, like yourself, plunge into—allow me to say it—too blindly.'

"Good, kind, affectionate soul!" said the widow.

"—To whom I feel deeply indebted for his paternal and judicious advice; and shall, indeed, esteem myself but too happy if I can in any way repay the obligation I owe him by promoting the interests of his family. But this is a mere matter of feeling; we will, if you please, proceed to business. I like the apartments, and will take them for three months certain; and now, the next point is my eligibility; and I shall be happy to give you "undeniable" references, as the advertisements phrase it, to any extent you demand; or, if you choose, I will pay you in advance, and save you —"

"Don't mention it!" interrupted the beguiled widow. "I am quite satisfied that I

am dealing with a gentleman, and am perfectly sure the friend of my husband will not injure his widow, or his two fatherless daughters.'

This was a home-thrust; but there was no vitality or compunction in the heart of M'Fibb; and, if he was moved, it was literally only from the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, to his new lodgings!

It was an axiom of his, 'that, once interest a woman's feelings, whether good or bad, you were sure of your game!'—a philosophy worthy of the elegant and profligate Paris, where the worst ginger-bread is most gilt and glittering!

He had scarcely taken possession above a week before he ordered an expensive dinner for himself and friend, and requested the honor of his landlady's company to partake of the feast she had provided, and introduced her to his familiar and devoted friend, the Honorable Lord Shortwit, who had great expectations, but was a minor; whom he actually accommodated with money, upon the strength of his lordship's promissory notes, which M'Fibb had the ingenuity to turn into cash at a ruinous discount; and for which obliging service he pocketed two-thirds of the proceeds, to meet his own exigences, giving the said lord his own personal security, or rather verbal, for the repayment.

This showy and shallow-pated acquaintance he had accidentally picked up at a billiard-room in the purlieu of St. James's—and certainly no one ever made more of his dear friend than he did!

The Widow Bracebridge was quite fascinated with her lodger, and congratulated herself upon having obtained his patronage upon first starting into business.—Poor deluded soul! It was really the refinement of cruelty to impose upon this confiding and noble-hearted woman, but he not only swindled the woman of her due, but involved her in difficulties, by referring his tradesmen to her; and generally being from home when the goods arrived, she invariably received them, and, in answer to their cautious queries, assured them it was "perfectly right," when the articles were left; whereby she became not only morally but legally responsible for the payment of them.

But let it be recorded that he did once pay for goods had and received! Yes; he entered a fashionable tailor's, and requested to be shown a card of patterns for a waistcoat.

"That's the article!" said he, selecting one that really did credit to his taste as well as his extravagance.

"That is rayther expensive," said the cringing ninth, with his large eyes fixed on his customer's gold chain and brilliant ring.

"I never ask the price of a respectable

tradesman,' said M'Fibb, 'and never baulk my fancy for a trifle. Send home the vest; and as I shall pay ready money, I expect you will charge me accordingly.'

The 'vest' was sent home; and, upon inquiry, finding that the customer was a 'real gentleman,' the bill was not left—a customary foolery with these 'much injured' men when they think they have caught a customer.

M'Fibb displayed the waistcoat to the landlady, and asked her opinion. She, of course, admired his taste.

'By the bye,' said he, 'did you pay the fellow?'

'He brought no bill,' replied the widow.

'No bill!' then he has not complied with my particular request. I hate to have a running account with these fellows! they always send them in when it is not convenient to pay them! I'll never wear the thing until it is paid for. Have you any one, my dear Mrs. Bracebridge, that I may trouble to send to the rascal directly? I am really annoyed.'

A messenger was despatched with a note, bidding the man of habits to bring his bill immediately!

The tailor was out. The next evening he called, but M'Fibb was out. The following afternoon, however, he again made his appearance.

'Where's my bill?' demanded M'Fibb.

'There it is, sir, as you would insist on it,' said the tailor, presenting it; 'but I assure you I should have been happy to have had you on our books.'

'I dare say,' replied M'Fibb, smiling, and sipping a glass of claret—his custom always of an afternoon; 'but I understand it is the amusement of you gentlemen on a rainy day to turn the noughts into sixes, and the sixes into nines.'

'Oh! no, sir, I assure you,' began the tailor, laughing at the old joke.

'Well, what's the damage?' interrupted M'Fibb, and glancing carelessly at the small bill. 'Three guineas!—three guineas for such a waiscoat as that!'

'I told you, if you remember, sir, it was an expensive article; and really that is a ready-money price we have put,' said the tailor, in a deprecatory tone.

'You mistake me,' said M'Fibb; 'I do not complain of the exorbitancy of your charge, but am rather surprised at the cheapness. I had no idea—why, really I have just returned from the continent, and with all their boasted cheapness, they cannot supply such an article, at such a price, in Paris. Old England for ever! I shall surprise you when I tell you I have parted with it already. My friend, Lord Shortwit, admired it so, that I offered it to him; but he insisted on paying for it, and I named the price at a guess, four guineas.—Therefore you must alter your bill to that

amount; only take care, when he comes to your shop,—for I have recommended your establishment,—that you do not betray my awkward attempt at dealing.'

'Oh! really, sir, I cannot think of it,' said the tailor.

'But you must, though. What, sir! do you think I will take the profit out of your pocket, or that I am going to turn retailer of clothes?'—and, throwing down the money, he gave his victim pen and ink to alter and receipt the account, who tremblingly hoped 'as there was no offence,'—and pocketed the cash.

He 'backed' out of the room as quickly as he could, perfectly assured that he had never encountered 'in all his born days' such an off-hand liberal gentleman,—slipping, in the delirium of the moment, half-a-crown into the hand of the servant-maid who let him out.

This act would appear to be a gratuitous display of unnecessary generosity. No such thing; it was only the powder and shot of an experienced sportsman to bring down his game; for the hoodwinked and unfortunate 'ninth' afterwards liberally supplied him without hesitation, and, need we add, without—money!

His 'three months certain' now drawing to a close, M'Fibb daringly asked the widow if she wanted cash?—to which she modestly replied it was not yet due; and the following week the 'friend' of her late lamented husband went out, and never returned. And, after enduring a world of suspense, she subsequently received a most friendly letter, informing her that he was in 'quod.' An ungrateful man whom he had served (he did not state in what manner) had actually arrested him for the paltry sum of one hundred and fifty pounds,—a proceeding which he was determined to resist, and had made up his mind rather to go through the court than submit, &c.; and that his dear Mrs. Bracebridge need not trouble herself on his account, (poor soul!) for he would not put her name in his schedule, as he would, when freed from the trammels of the law, pay her in full.

In this specious manner he contrived to prevent the opposition of the majority of his creditors, and in due course, the 'black' was whitewashed.

His 'dear Mrs. Bracebridge,' never saw him more, and was soon afterwards 'sold up' at one 'fell swoop,' losing the 'little all' on which she depended for the support of herself and family.

M'Fibb, being rather indisposed after his confinement, took a trip to France to recruit his health—and purse; and finding a plentiful crop of fools in Boulogne, resolved to try his hand in that paradise of half pay rogues, and adventurers.

He assumed the title of 'captain,' and

sported a splendid pair of moustaches and an imperial; and speaking the language fluently, he proved of essential service to many compatriots, who had come to spend a little money—in getting rid of it.

One day he was fortunate enough to encounter the son of a wealthy English banker, and made himself 'so agreeable,' that he was invited to dine with him at his hotel.

He promised to come, and with his permission, bring a friend with him, the Count Somebody, who had a beautiful country seat at Chantilly—an excellent fellow, and as rich as Cræsus—a long since departed Pagan.

After dinner, there was a vacuum, which M'Fibb proposed to fill up by a game at cards. The Count voted cards a bore; and was sure 'Milor Anglais did not covet his money, nor did he wish to win Milor's.'

After a good deal of coquetry, however, the *trio* set too in earnest, and played for amusement, and Milor Anglais was (of course) the winner.

The champagne, however, had at last an effect upon the young banker; and whether it was the wine, or something in the wine, he lost all sense and recollection of what had passed, and awoke the next morning in his hotel with a villainous headache.

Under the influence of a slight touch of *e lirium tremens*, he was rolling from side to side in his bed, when a sharp rap at his door aroused him.

'Come in,' said he languidly; and the next minute Captain M'Fibb entered.

'Well, old fellow, how are you?' cried he. 'I say, you were properly in for it last night.'

'How do you mean?'

'Why, don't you remember? You actually slapped the Count's face, and pulled off his best wig; and I assure you, I had some difficulty in preventing a *rencontre*. But I believe I succeeded in satisfying his honor, and persuading him to carry your extravagance to the account of the champagne. By—! I never believed there was so much of the devil in you. But what's the matter with you?—your head?—oh! a little brandy and soda water will set all to rights.' And he rang the bell for the servant and ordered the remedy.

'Now,' continued he, 'we'll settle our accounts. There's three hundred and fifty francs you won of me.'

'I?'

'You. I never forget my debts of honor,' replied M'Fibb; and he presented him with the money; and after a little more conversation, and a promise that he would meet him at six o'clock on the same day, he departed.

No sooner had he vanished than he was

visited by the elegant and accomplished Count, to whom he apologized for his rudeness, who in return, with all the kindly feeling of a real friend, bade him not mention it; and then proceeded to inform him that he had won a trifle of him—eight thousand francs.

This trifle startled the young banker, and he suddenly grew cool and collected.

'Leave a memorandum,' said he. 'I am too ill at present for matters of business, and will see you at the café—at six o'clock, where I have appointed to meet our mutual friend, Captain M'Fibb.'

The young banker immediately began to suspect foul play, and proceeded to lay the whole affair before his father, who had accompanied him to France.

The old man consulted the English Consul, and by his advice, proceeded to the authorities, who upon hearing the statement, dispatched a couple of emissaries to demand, or rather compel the attendance of Captain M'Fibb and the amiable Count who was partially known at the office.

They both appeared very ridiculous.

'As you have received the money from Captain M'Fibb,' said the functionary, 'you have thereby acknowledged a participation in this affair; you must therefore Monsieur, pay the demand of Count—'

The money was paid, and the Count compelled to give a receipt.

The father then, as previously instructed charged them both with being gamblers; and the authorities quoted the article of the Code touching the offence, and condemned both Captain M'Fibb and his friend, the Count, to a few months incarceration in St. Pelagie.

This sentence was really just and merited; for the Count was really an adventurer, and M'Fibb—nothing less than an enormous animated lie.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE JEWELLER'S WIFE.

A PASSAGE IN THE CAREER OF EL EMPECINADO.

When the Empecinado, after escaping from the Burgo de Osma, rejoined his band, and again repaired to the favourite skirmishing ground on the banks of the Duero, he found the state of affairs in Old Castile becoming daily less favourable for his operations. The French overran the greater part of the province, and visited with severe punishment any disobedience of their orders; so that the peasantry no longer dared to assist the guerillas as they had previously done. Many of the villages on the Duero had become *afrancesados*, not, it is true, through love, but through dread of the invaders, and in the hope of preserving themselves from pillage and oppression.

However much the people in their hearts might wish success to men like the Empecinado, the guerillas were too few and too feeble to afford protection to those who, by giving them assistance or information, would incur the displeasure of the French. The clergy were the only class that, almost without an exception, remained staunch to the cause of Spanish independence, and their purses and refectories were ever open to those who took up arms in its defence.

Noways deterred by this unfavourable aspect of affairs, the Empecinado resolved to carry on the war in Old Castile, even though unaided and alone. He established his bivouac in the pinewoods of Coca, and sent out spies towards Somosierra and Burgos, to get information of some convoy of which the capture might yield both honor and profit.

It was on the second morning after the departure of the spies, and a few minutes before daybreak, that the little camp was aroused by a shot from a sentry, placed on the skirt of the wood. In an instant every man was on his feet. It was the Empecinado's custom, when outlying in this manner, to make one-half his band sleep fully armed and equipped, with their horses saddled and bridled beside them; and a fortunate precaution it was in this instance.—Scarcely had the men time to untether and spring upon their horses, when the sentry galloped headlong into the camp.

"*Los Franceses! Los Franceses!*" exclaimed he, breathless with speed.

One of the Empecinado's first qualities was his presence of mind, which never deserted him even in the most critical situations. Instantly forming up that moiety of his men which was already in the saddle, he left a detachment in front of those who were hastily saddling and arming, and with the remainder retired a little to the left of the open ground on which the bivouac was established. Almost before he had completed this arrangement, the jingling of arms and clattering of horses' feet were heard, and a squadron of French cavalry galloped down the glade. The Empecinado gave the word to charge, and as Fuentes at the head of one party advanced to meet them, he himself attacked them in flank. The French, not having anticipated much opposition from a foe whom they had expected to find sleeping, were somewhat surprised at the fierce resistance they met. A hard fight took place, rendered still more confused by the darkness, or rather by a faint grey light, which was just beginning to appear, and gave a shadowy indistinctness to surrounding objects. The Spaniards were inferior in number to their opponents, and it was beginning to go hard with them, when the remainder of the guerillas, now armed and mounted, came up to their assistance. On perceiving this

accession to their adversaries' force, the French thought they had been led into an ambushade, and retreating in tolerable order to the edge of the wood, at last fairly turned tail and ran for it, leaving several killed and wounded on the ground, and were pursued for some distance by the guerillas, who, however, only succeeded in making one prisoner. This was a young man in the dress of a peasant, who being badly mounted, was easily overtaken. On being brought before the Empecinado, the latter with no small surprise recognized a native of Aranda, named Pedro Gutierrez, who was one of the emissaries he had sent out two days previously to get information concerning the movements of the enemy.

With pale cheek and faltering voice, the prisoner answered the Empecinado's interrogatories. It appears that he had been detected as a spy by the French, who had given him his choice between a halter and the betrayal of his countrymen and employers. With the fear of death before his eyes, he had consented to turn traitor.

The deepest silence prevailed among the guerillas during his narrative, and remained unbroken for a full minute after he had concluded. The Empecinado's brow was black as thunder, and his features assumed an expression which the trembling wretch well knew how to interpret.

"*Que podia hacer, senores?*" said the culprit, casting an appealing, imploring glance around him. "The rope was round my neck; I have an aged father, and am his only support. Life is very sweet.—What could I do?"

"*Die!*" replied the Empecinado, in his deep stern voice—"Die like a man *then*, instead of dying like a dog *now!*"

He turned his back upon him, and ten minutes later, the body of the unfortunate spy was dangling from the branches of a neighboring tree, and the guerillas marched off to seek another and a safer bivouac.

A few days after this incident the other spies returned, and after receiving their report, and consulting with his lieutenant, Mariano Fuentes, the Empecinado broke up the little camp, and led his band in the direction of the *camino real*.

Along that part of the high-road, from Madrid to the Pyrenees, which winds thro' the mountain range of Onrubias, an escort of fifty French dragoons was marching, about an hour before dusk, on an evening of early spring. Two carriages, and three or four heavily-laden carts, each drawn by half-a-dozen mules, composed the whole of the convoy; the value of which, however, might be deemed considerable, judging from the strength of the escort, and the precautions observed by the officer in command to avoid a surprise—precautions which were not of much avail; for, on reaching a spot where the road widened

considerably, and was traversed by a broad ravine, the party was suddenly charged on either flank by double their number of guerillas. The dragoons made a gallant resistance, but it was a short one, for they had no room or time to form in any order, and were far overmatched in the hand-to-hand contest that ensued. With the very first who fled went a gentleman in civilian's garb, who sprang out of the most elegant of the two carriages, and mounting a fine Andalusian horse led by a groom, was off like the wind, disregarding the shrieks of his travelling companion, a female two or three-and twenty years old, of great beauty, and very richly attired. The cries and alarm of the lady thus deserted were redoubled, when an instant later a guerilla of fierce aspect presented himself at the carriage-door.

"Have no fear, senora," said the Empecinado, "you are in the hands of honorable men, and no harm shall be done you."—And having by such-like assurances succeeded in calming her terrors, he obtained from her some information as to the contents of the carts and carriages, as well as regarding herself and her late companion.

The man who had abandoned her, and consulted his own safety by flying with the escort, was her husband, Monsieur Barbot, jeweller and diamond merchant to the late King Charles the Fourth. Alarmed by the unsettled state of things in Spain, he was hastening to take refuge in France, with his handsome wife and his great wealth—of the latter of which no inconsiderable portion was contained in the carriage, in the shape of caskets of jewellery, diamonds, and other valuables.

Repairing to the neighboring mountains, the guerillas proceeded to examine their booty, which the Empecinado permitted them to divide among themselves, with the exception of the carriage and its contents, including the lady, which he reserved for his own share.

On the following day came letters from the French military governor of Aranda del Duero, and from Monsieur Barbot, who had taken refuge in that town, and offered a large sum as ransom for his wife. To this application the Empecinado did not vouchsafe any answer, but marched off to his native village of Castrillo, taking with him jewels, carriage, and lady. The latter he established in the house of his brother Manuel, recommending her to the care of his sister-in-law, and commanding that she should be treated with all possible respect, and her wishes attended to on every point.

The Empecinado's exultation at the success of his enterprise was great, but he little foresaw all the danger and trouble that his rich capture was hereafter to occasion him. He had become violently enamoured of his fair prisoner, and in order to have

leisure to pay his court to her, he sent off his partida on a distant expedition under the command of Fuentes, and himself remained at Castrillo, doing his utmost to find favor in the eyes of the beautiful Madame Barbot. He was then in the prime of life, a remarkably handsome man, and notwithstanding that the French affected to treat him as a brigand, his courage and patriotism were admitted by the unprejudiced among all parties, and his bold and successful deeds had already procured him a degree of renown that was an additional recommendation of him to the fair sex. It may not, therefore, be deemed very surprising that, after the first few days of her captivity were passed, and she had become a little used to the novelty of her position, the lady began to consider the Empecinado with some degree of favor, and seemed not altogether disposed to be inconsolable in her widowhood. He on his part spared no pains to please her. His very nature seemed changed by the violence of his new passion; and so great was the metamorphosis that his best friends scarcely recognized him for the same man. He seemed totally to have forgotten the career to which he had devoted himself, and the hatred and war of extermination he had vowed against the French. The restless activity and spirit of enterprise which formed such distinguished traits in his character, were completely lulled to sleep by the charms of the fair Barbot. Nor was the change in his external appearance less striking. Aware that the rude manners and attire of a guerilla were not likely to please the fastidious taste of a low-bred dame, he hastened to discard them. His rough bushy beard and mustaches were carefully trimmed and adjusted by the most expert barber of the neighborhood; his sheepskin jacket, heavy boots, and jingling double-roweled spurs thrown aside, and in their place he assumed the national garb, so well adapted to show off a handsome person, and which, although now almost disused throughout Spain, far surpasses in elegance the prevailing costumes of the nineteenth century; a short light jacket of black velvet, and waistcoat of the richest silk, both profusely decorated with gold filigree buttons; purple velvet breeches fastened at the knee with bunches of ribands; silk stockings, and falling boots of chamols leather, by the most expert maker in Cordova; a crimson silk sash round his waist, and round his neck a silk handkerchief, of which the ends were drawn through a magnificent jewelled ring. A green velvet cap, ornamented with sables and silver, and an ample cloak trimmed with silver lace, the spoil of a commandant of French gendarmes, completed this picturesque costume.

Thus attired, and mounted on a splendid horse, the Empecinado escorted the object

of his new flame to all the fetes and merry-makings of the surrounding country. Not a *romería* in the neighboring villages, not a fair or a bull-fight in all the valley of the Duero, but were graced by the presence of Martin Diez and his dulcinea, whose fine horse and gallant equipment, but more especially the beauty of the rider, inspired universal admiration. As might be expected, many of those who had known the Empecinado a poor vine-dresser, became envious of his good fortune, and others who envied him not, were indignant at seeing him waste his time in such degrading effeminacy, instead of following up the career which he had so nobly begun.—There was much murmuring, therefore, to which, however, he gave little heed; and several weeks had passed in the manner above described, when an incident occurred to rouse him from the sort of lethargy in which he was sunk.

A despatch reached him from the Captain-General, Don Gregorio Cuesta, requiring his immediate presence at Ciudad Rodrigo, there to receive directions concerning the execution of a service of the greatest importance, and which was to be intrusted to him.

This order had its origin in circumstances of which the Empecinado was totally ignorant. The jeweller Barbot, finding that neither large offers nor threats of punishment had any effect upon the Empecinado, who persisted in keeping his wife prisoner, made interest with the Duke of Infantado, then general of one of the Spanish armies, and besought him to exert his influence in favor of the captive lady, and to have her restored to her friends. The duke, who was a very important personage at the court of Charles the Fourth, and the favorite of Ferdinand the Seventh at the beginning of his reign, entertained a particular friendship for Barbot; and, if the *chronique scandaleuse* of Madrid might be believed, a still more particular one for his wife. He immediately wrote to General Cuesta, desiring that the lady might be sent back to her husband without delay, as well as all the jewels and other spoil that had been seized by the Empecinado.

With much difficulty did the guerilla make up his mind to abandon the inglorious position, and to go where duty called him. Strongly recommending his captive to his brother and sister-in-law, he set out for Ciudad Rodrigo, escorted by a sergeant and ten men of his partida. They had not proceeded half a mile from Castrillo, when, from behind a hedge bordering the road, a shot was fired, and the bullet slightly wounded the Empecinado's charger. Two of the escort pushed their horses through the hedge, and immediately returned, dragging between them a grey-haired old man, seventy years of age, who clutched in his

wrinkled fingers a rusty carbine that had just been discharged.

"He is surely mad!" exclaimed the Empecinado, gazing in astonishment at the venerable assassin. "*Dime, viejo*; do you know me? And why do you seek my life?"

"*Si, si, te conozco*. You are the Empecinado—the bloody Empecinado. Give me back my Pedro, whom you murdered. *Ay di me! mi Pedrillo, te han matado!*"

And the old man's frame quivered with rage, as he glared on the Empecinado with an expression of unutterable hate.

One of the guerillas stepped forward—

"'Tis old Gutierrez, the father of Pedro, who was hung in the Pinares de Coca, for betraying us to the French."

"Throw his carbine into yonder pool, and leave the poor wretch," said the Empecinado; "his son deserved the death he met."

"He missed his aim to-day, but he may point truer another time," said one of the men, half drawing a pistol from his holster.

"Harm him not!" said the Empecinado sternly, and the party rode on.

"*Maldito seas!*" screamed the old man, casting himself in the dust of the road, in a paroxysm of impotent fury. "*Maldito! Maldito! Ay de mi! mi Pedrillo!*"

And his curses and lamentations continued till the guerillas were out of hearing.

On arriving at Ciudad Rodrigo, the Empecinado went immediately to General Cuesta, who, although he did not receive him unkindly, could not but blame him greatly for the enormous crime he had committed in carrying off a lady who was distinguished by so mighty a personage as the Duke of Infantado. He told him it was absolutely necessary to devise some plan by which the Duke's anger might be appeased. Murat also had sent a message to the central junta, saying, that if satisfaction were not given, he would send troops to lay waste the whole district of Penafiel, in which Castrillo was situated; and it was probable, that if he had not done so already, it was because a large portion of the inhabitants of that district were believed to be well affected to the French.—Without exactly telling him what he must do, the old general gave him a despatch for the *corregidor* of Penafiel, and desired him to present himself before that functionary, and concert with him the measures to be taken.

The Empecinado took his leave, and was quitting the governor's palace when he overtook at the door an *avogado*, who was a countryman of his, and whom he had left at Castrillo when he set out from that place. The sight of this man was a ray of light to the Empecinado, who immediately suspected that his enemies were intriguing against him. He proposed to the lawyer that they

should walk to the inn, to which the latter consented. They had to traverse a lonely place, known by the name of San Francisco's Meadow, and on arriving there, behind the shelter of some walls, the Empecinado seized the the advocate by the collar, and swore he would strangle him if he did not instantly confess what business had brought him to Ciudad Rodrigo, as well as all the plans or plots against the Empecinado to which he might be privy.

The lawyer, who had known Diez from his childhood, and was fully aware of his desperate character and of his own peril, trembled for his life, and besought him earnestly to use no violence, for that he was willing to tell all he knew. Thereupon the Empecinado loosened his grasp, which had wellnigh throttled the poor avogado, and cocking a pistol, as a sort of warning to the other to tell the truth, bade him sit down beside him and proceeded with his narrative.

The lawyer informed him that the *ayuntamiento* or corporation of Castrillo, and those of all the towns and villages of the district, found themselves in great trouble on account of the convoy he had intercepted, and more particularly of the lady whom he kept prisoner, and whose friends it appeared were persons of much influence with both contending parties, for that the junta and the French had alike demanded her liberty; and while the latter were about to send troops to put the whole country to fire and sword, the former, as well as the Spanish generals, had refused to afford them any protection against the consequences of her detention, and accused the *ayuntamiento* and the priests of encouraging the Empecinado to hold her in captivity. He himself had been sent to Ciudad Rodrigo to beg General Cuesta's advice, and the general had declared himself unable to assist them, but recommended them to restore the lady and treasure, if they did not wish the French to lay waste the country, and take by force the bone of contention.

The Empecinado, suspecting that General Cuesta had not used all due frankness with him in this matter, handed to the lawyer the letter that had been given him for the corregidor of Penafiel, and compelled him, much against his will, to open and read it. Its contents coincided with what the avogado had told him; the general advising the corregidor to use every means to compromise the matter, rather than wait till the French should do themselves justice by the strong hand.

Perceiving that, from various motives, every body was against him in this matter, the Empecinado bethought himself how he should get out of the scrape.

"As an old friend and countryman, and more especially as a lawyer," said he to

the avogado, "you are the most fitting man to give me advice in this difficulty. Tell me, then, what I ought to do, in order that our native town, which is innocent in the matter, should suffer no prejudice."

"You speak now like a sensible man," replied the other, "and as a friend will I advise you. Let us immediately set off to Penafiel, deliver the general's letter to the corregidor, and take him with us to Castrillo. There, for form's sake, an examination of your conduct in the affair can take place. You shall give up the jewels, the carriage, and the lady, and set off immediately to join your partida."

"To the greater part of that I willingly agree," said the Empecinado. "The jewels are buried in the cellar, and the carriage is in the stable. Take both when you list. But as to the lady, before I give her up, I will give up my own soul. She is my property; I took her in fair fight, and at the risk of my life."

"You will think better of it before we get to Castrillo," replied the lawyer.

The Empecinado shook his head, but led the way to the inn, where they took horse, and the next day reached Penafiel, whence they set out the following morning for Castrillo, which is a couple of leagues further, accompanied by the corregidor, his secretary, and two *alguazils*. The Empecinado was induced to leave his escort at Penafiel, in order that the sort of *pro forma* investigation which was to be gone through might not appear to have taken place under circumstances of intimidation. The avogado started a couple of hours earlier than the rest of the party, to have things in readiness, so that the proceedings might be got through as rapidly as possible.

It was about eight o'clock on a fine summer's morning that the Empecinado and his companions reached Castrillo. As they entered the town, an old mendicant, who was lying curled up like a dog in the sunshine under the porch of a house, lifted his head at the noise of the horses. As his eyes rested upon Diez, he made a bound forward with an agility extraordinary in one of his years, and fell almost under the feet of the Empecinado's horse, making the startled animal spring aside with a violence and suddenness sufficient to unhorse many a less practised rider than the one who bestrode him. The Empecinado lifted his whip in anger, but the old man, who had risen to his feet, showed no sign of fear, and as he stood in the middle of the road, and immediately in the path of the Empecinado, the latter recognized the wild features and long grey hair of old Gutierrez.

"*Maldito seas!*" cried the old man, extending his arms towards the guerilla.—"Murderer! the hour of vengeance is nigh. I saw it in my dreams. My Pedrillo showed me his assassin trampled under the feet of

horses. *Asesino! Venga la hora de tu muerte!*"

And the old man, who was half crazed by his misfortunes, relapsed into an incoherent strain of lamentations for his son, and curses upon him whom he called his murderer.

The Empecinado, who, on recognizing old Gutierrez, had lowered his riding-whip, and listened unmoved to his curses and predictions, rode forward, explaining as he went, to the astonished corregidor, the scene that had just occurred. A little further on he separated from his companions, giving them rendezvous at ten o'clock at the house of the ayuntamiento. Proceeding to his brother's dwelling, he paid a visit to Madame Barbot, breakfasted with her, and then prepared to keep his appointment. He placed a brace of pistols and a poniard in his belt, and taking a loaded *trabuco* or blunderbuss in his hand, wrapped himself in his cloak so as to conceal his weapons, and repaired to the town-hall.

He found the tribunal already installed, and every thing in readiness. Saluting the corregidor, he began pacing up and down the room without taking off his cloak. The corregidor repeatedly urged him to be seated, but he refused, and continued his walk, replying to the questions that were put to him, his answers to which were duly written down. About a quarter of an hour had passed in this manner, when a noise of feet and talking was heard in the street, and the Empecinado, as he passed one of the windows that looked out upon the plaza, saw, with no very comfortable feelings, that a number of armed peasants were entering the town-hall. He perceived that he was betrayed, but his presence of mind stood his friend, and with his usual promptitude, he in a moment decided how he should act. Without allowing it to appear that he had any suspicion of what was going on, he walked to the door of the audience chamber, and before any one could interfere, shut and locked it. Then stepping up to the corregidor, he threw off his cloak, and presented his *trabuco* at the magistrate's head.

"Senor Corregidor," said he, "this is not our agreement, but a base act of treachery. Commend yourself to God, for you are about to die."

The corregidor was so dreadfully terrified at these words, and at the menacing action of the Empecinado, that he swooned away, and fell down under the table—the escribano fled into an adjoining chamber, and concealed himself under a bed—while the alguazils, trembling with fear, threw themselves upon their knees, and petitioned for mercy. The Empecinado, finding himself with so little trouble master of the field of battle, took possession of the papers that were lying upon the table, and,

unlocking the door, proceeded to the principal staircase, which he found occupied by inhabitants of the town, armed with muskets and fowling-pieces. Placing his blunderbuss under his arm, with his hand upon the trigger, "Make way!" cried he; "the first who moves a finger may reckon upon the contents of my *trabuco*." His menace and resolute character produced the desired effect; a passage was opened and he left the house in triumph. On reaching the street, however, he found a great crowd of men, women, and even children, assembled, who occupied the plaza and all the adjacent streets, and received him with loud cries of "Death to the Empecinado! *Muera el ladron y mal Cristiano!*" The armed men whom he had left in the town-house fired several shots at him from the windows, but nobody dared to lay hands upon him, as he marched slowly and steadily through the crowd, *trabuco* in hand, and casting glances on either side that made those upon whom they fell shrink involuntarily backwards.

On the low roof of one of the houses of the plaza, that formed the angle of the Calle de la Cruz, or street of the cross, old Gutierrez had taken his station. With the fire of insanity in his bloodshot eyes, and a grin of exultation upon his wasted features, he witnessed the persecution of the Empecinado, and while his ears drank in the yells and hootings of the multitude, he added his shrill cracked voice to the uproar. When the shots were fired from the town-hall, he bounded and capered upon the platform, clapping his meagre fingers together in ecstasy; but as the Empecinado got further from the house, and the firing was discontinued, an expression of anxiety replaced the look of triumph that had lighted up the old maniac's face. Diez still moved on unhurt, and was now within a few paces of the house on which Gutierrez had perched himself. The old man's uneasiness increased. "Va a escapar!" muttered he to himself; "they will let him escape. Oh, if I had a gun, my Pedrillo would soon be avenged!"

The Empecinado was passing under the house. A sudden thought struck Gutierrez. Stamping with his foot, he broke two or three of the tiles on which he was standing, and snatching up a large heavy fragment, he leaned over the edge of the roof to get a full view of the Empecinado, who was at that moment leaving the plaza and entering the Calle de la Cruz. In five seconds more he would be out of sight.—As it was, it was only by leaning very far onward that Gutierrez could see him, walking calmly along, and keeping at bay the angry but cowardly mob that yelped at his heels, like a parcel of village curs pursuing a bloodhound, whose look alone prevents their too near approach.

Throwing his left arm round a chimney, the old man swung himself forward, and with all the force that he possessed, hurled the tile at the object of his hate. The missile struck the Empecinado upon the temple, and he fell, stunned and bleeding, to the ground.

"Viva!" screamed Gutierrez; but a cry of agony followed the shout of exultation. The chimney by which the old man supported himself was loose and crumbling, and totally unfit to bear his weight as he hung on by it, and leaned forward to gloat over his vengeance. It tottered for a moment, and then fell with a crash into the street. The height was not great, but the pavement was sharp and uneven; the old man pitched upon his head, and when lifted up was already a corpse.

When the mob saw the Empecinado fall, they threw themselves upon him with as much ferocity as they had previously shown cowardice, and beat and ill-treated him in every possible manner. Not satisfied with that, they bound him hand and foot, and pushed him through a cellar window, throwing after him stones, and every thing they could find lying about the street. At last, wearied by their own brutality, they left him for dead, and he remained in that state till nightfall, when the corregidor and the ayuntamiento proceeded to inspect his body, in order to certify his death, and have him buried. When he was brought out of the cellar, however, they perceived he still breathed, and sent for a surgeon, and also for a priest to administer the last sacraments. They then carried him upon a ladder to the posito, or public granary, a strong building, where they considered he would be in safety, and put him to bed, bathed in blood and covered with wounds and bruises.

The corregidor, fearing that the news of the riot, and of the death of the Empecinado, would reach Penafiel, and that the escort which had been left there, and the many partisans that Diez had in that town, would come over to Castrillo to avenge his death, persuaded one of the cures, or parish priests of the latter place, to go over to Penafiel in all haste, and, counterfeiting great alarm, to spread the report that the French had entered Castrillo, seized the Empecinado, and carried him off to Aranda. This was accordingly done; and the Empecinado's escort being made aware of the vicinity of the French and the risk they ran, immediately mounted their horses and marched to join Mariano Fuentes, accompanied by upwards of fifty young men, all partizans of the Empecinado, and eager to revenge him. This matter being arranged, the corregidor had the jewels that were buried in the cellar of Manuel Diez dug up, and having taken possession of them, and installed Madame Barbot with

all due attention in one of the principal houses of the town, he forwarded a report to General Cuesta of all that had occurred. The general immediately sent an escort to conduct the lady and the treasure to Ciudad Rodrigo, and ordered that as soon as the Empecinado was in a state to be moved, he should also be sent under a strong guard to that city.

Meanwhile, the Empecinado's vigorous constitution triumphed over the injuries he had received, and he was getting so rapidly better, that for his safer custody the corregidor thought it necessary to have him heavily ironed. Deeming it impossible he should escape, and there being no troops in the village, no sentry was placed over him, so that at night his friends were able to hold discourse with him through the grating of one of the windows of the posito. In this manner he contrived to send a message to his brother Manuel, who, having also got into trouble on account of Madame Barbot's detention, had been compelled to take refuge in the mountains of Bilbuena, three leagues from Castrillo. Manuel took advantage of a dark night to steal into the town in disguise, and to speak with the Empecinado. He informed him that the superior of the Bernardine Monastery, in the Sierra de Balbuena, had been advised that it was the intention of the Empecinado's enemies to deliver him over to the French, in order that they might shoot him. The Empecinado replied, that he strongly suspected there was some such plot in agitation, and desired his brother to seek out Mariano Fuentes, and order him to march his band into the neighborhood of Castrillo, and that on their arrival he would send them word what to do.

Eight days elapsed, and the Empecinado was now completely cured of his wounds, so that he was in much apprehension lest he should be sent off to Ciudad Rodrigo before the arrival of Fuentes. On the eighth night, however, his brother came to the window, and informed him that the partida was in the neighborhood, and only waited his orders to march upon Castrillo, rescue him, and revenge the treatment he had received. This the Empecinado strongly enjoined them not to do, but desired his brother to come to his prison door at two o'clock the next morning with a led horse, and that he had the means to set himself at liberty. Manuel Diez did as he was ordered, wondering, however, in what manner the Empecinado intended to get out of the posito, which was a solidly constructed edifice with a massive door and grated windows. But the next night, when the guerilla heard the horses approaching his prison, he seized the door by an iron bar that traversed it on the inner side, and, exerting his prodigious strength, tore it off the hinges as though it had been made of paste-

board. His feet being fastened together by a chain, he was compelled to sit sideways upon the saddle; but so elated was he to find himself once more at liberty that he pushed his horse into a gallop, and with his fetters clanking as he went, dashed through the streets of Castrillo, to the astonishment and consternation of the inhabitants, who knew not what devil's dance was going on in their usually quiet town.

At Olmos, a village a quarter of a league from Castrillo, the fugitives halted, and roused a smith, who knocked off the Empecinado's irons. After a short rest at the house of an approved friend they remounted their horses, and a little after daybreak reached the place where Fuentes had taken up his bivouac. The Empecinado was received with great rejoicing, and immediately resumed the command. He passed a review of his band, and found it consisted of two hundred and twenty men, all well mounted and armed.

Great was the alarm of the inhabitants of Castrillo when they found the prison broken open and the prisoner gone; and their terror was increased a hundred-fold, when a few hours later news was brought that the Empecinado was marching towards the town at the head of a strong body of cavalry. Some concealed themselves in cellars and such like hiding-places, others left the town and fled to the neighboring woods; but the majority, despairing of escape by human means from the terrible anger of the Empecinado, shut themselves up in their houses, closed the doors and windows, and prayed to the Virgin for deliverance from the impending evil. Never had there been seen in Castrillo such a counting of rosaries and beating of breasts, such genuflexions, and mumbling of aves and paters, as upon that morning.

At noon the Empecinado entered the town at the head of his band, trumpets sounding, and the men firing their pistols and carbines into the air, in sign of joy at having recovered their leader. Forming up the partida in the market-place, the Empecinado sent for the corregidor and other authorities, who presented themselves before him pale and trembling, and fully believing they had not five minutes to live.

"Fear nothing!" said the Empecinado, observing their terror. "It is certain I have met foul treatment at your hands; and it was the harder to bear coming from my own countrymen and townsmen. But you have been misled, and will one day repent your conduct. I have forgotten your ill usage, and only remember the poverty of my native town, and the misery in which this war has plunged many of its inhabitants."

So saying, he delivered to the alcalde and the parish priests a hundred ounces of gold for the relief of the poor and support

of the hospital, and ten more to be spent in a novillada, or bull-bait and festival for the whole town. Cutting short their thanks and excuses, he left Castrillo and marched to the village of Sacramenia, where he quartered his men, and, accompanied by Mariano Fuentes, went to pay a visit to a neighboring monastery. The monks received him with open arms and a hearty welcome, hailing him as the main prop of the cause of independence in Old Castile. They sat down to dinner in the refectory; and the conversation turning upon the state of the country, the Empecinado expressed his unwillingness to carry on the war in that province, on account of the little confidence he could place in the inhabitants, so many of whom had become afrancesados; and as a proof of this, he related all that had occurred to him at Castrillo. Upon hearing this the abbot, who was a man distinguished for his talents and patriotism, recommended Diez to lead his band to New Castile, where he would not have to encounter the persecutions of those who, having known him poor and insignificant, envied him his good fortune, and sought to throw obstacles in his path. He offered to get him letters from the general of the order of San Bernardo to the superiors of the various monasteries, in order that he might receive such assistance and support as they could give, and he might chance to require.

"No one is a prophet in his own country," said the good father; "Mahomet in his native town of Medina met with the same ill-treatment that you, Martin Diez, have encountered in the place of your birth. Abandon, then, a province which does not recognize your value, and go where your reputation has already preceded you, to defend the holy cause of Spain and of religion."

Struck by the justice of this reasoning, the Empecinado resolved to change the scene of his operations, and the next morning marched his squadron in the direction of New Castile.

THE DAGUERREOTYPE.

TO —

At the famous Daguerreotype art,

Sweet girl I must own thou art clever,

For with one sunny glance, on my heart

Thou hast painted thy image for ever.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE INGOLDSBY PENANCE.

A LEGEND OF WEST KENT.

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
A stalwart knight, I ween, was he,
‘Come east, come west,
Come lance in rest,
Come faulchion in hand, I’ll tickle the best
Of all the Soldan’s chivalrie.’

Oh, they came from west and they came from east,
Twenty-four Emirs and Sheiks at the least,
And they ammer’d away
At Sir Ingold by Bray.
Fall back, fall edge, cut, thrust, and point—
But he topp’d off head, and he lopp’d off joint—
Twenty and three
Of high degree,
Lay stark and stiff on the crimsoned lea,
All—all save one—and he ran up a tree!
‘Now count them, my Squire—count them and see.’

‘Twenty and three!
Twenty and three!—
All of them Nobles of high degree—
There they be lying on Askalon lea.’

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
‘What news? what news? come, tell to me!
What news? what news? thou little Foot-page?
I’ve been whacking the foe till it seems an age
Since I was in Ingoldsby Hall so free!
What news? what news from Ingoldsby Hall?
Come, tell to me now, thou Page so small.’

‘Oh hawk and hound
Are safe and sound,
Beast in byre and steed in stall—
And the watch-dog’s bark,
As soon as it’s dark,
Bays wakeful guard around Ingoldsby Hall.’

‘I do not talk
Of hound or of hawk,
Of steed in stall or of watch-dog’s bay—
Fain would I hear
Of my dainty dear—
How fares Dame Alice, my lady gay?’
Sir Ingoldsby Bray, he said in his rage,—
‘What news? what news? thou naughty Foot-page?’

That little Foot-page, full low crouched he,
And he doffed his cap and bended his knee,
‘Now lithe and listen, Sir Bray, to me!
Lady Alice sits lonely in bower and hall,
Her sighs they arise, and her tears they fall—
She sits alone,
And she makes her moan—
Dance and song
She considers wrong—
Feast and revel
As snares of the devil—
She mendeth her hose, and she crieth ‘Alack!
When will Sir Ingoldsby Bray come back?’

‘Thou liest! thou liest! thou naughty Foot-page—
Full loud dost thou lie, false Page, to me!
There, in thy breast,
’Neath thy silken vest,
What scroll is that, false Page, I see?’

Sir Ingoldsby Bray in his rage drew near,
That little Foot-page he blench’d with fear.

‘Now where may the Prior of Abington lie?
King Richard’s confessor, I ween, is he—

And tidings rare
To him I bear,
And news of price from his rich Ab-bee!’

‘Now nay, now nay, thou naughty Page,
No learned Clerk, I trow, am I,

But well, I ween
May there be seen
Dame Alice’s hand, with half an eye.

Now nay, nay, thou naughty Page,
From Abingdan Abbey comes not thy news—
Although no clerk,
Well may I mark

The particular turn of her P’s and her Q’s!’

Sir Ingoldsby Bray, in his fury and rage,
By the back of the neck takes the little Foot-page;
The scroll he seizes,
The Page he squeezes,

And buffets and pinches his nose till he sneezes—
Then he cuts with his dagger the silken threads
Which they used in those days instead of queen’s heads—
When the contents of the scroll met his view,

Sir Ingoldsby Bray in a passion grew,
Backward he drew
His mailed shoe,

And he kicked that naughty Page, that he flew
Like a cloth-yard shaft from a bended yew,
I may not say whither—I never knew.

‘Now count the slain,
Upon Ascalon plain—

Go count them, my squire, go count them again!’

‘Twenty and three,
There they be,
Stiff and stark on that crimson’d lea!—
Twenty and three,
Stay—let me see!
Stretched in his gore,
There lieth one more—

By the Pope’s triple crown there are twenty and four!
Twenty-four trunks, I ween, are there,
But their heads and their limbs are no one knows where!
Aye, twenty-four corse I rede, there be,
Though one got away, and ran up a tree.’

‘Look nigher, look nigher,
My trusty Squire.’—

‘One is the corse of a bare-footed Friar.’

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
‘A boon, a boon King Richard,’ quoth he—
‘Now heaven thee save,
A boon I crave,
A boon, Sir King, on my bended knee—

A year and a day
Have I been away,
King Richard, from Ingoldsby Hall so free;
Dame Alice, she sits there in lonely guise,
And she makes her moan, and she sobs her sighs,
And tears like rain drops fall from her eyes,
And she darneth her hose, and she crieth, 'Alaack!
Oh, when will Sir Ingoldsby Bray come back?'
A boon, a boon, my Liege,' quoth he,
'Fair Ingoldsby Hall I fain would see.'

'Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,'
King Richard said right graciously,
'Of those in my host,
That I love the most,
I love none better, Sir Bray, than thee.
Rise up, rise up, thou hast thy boon—
But mind you make haste and come back again soon.'

FYTTE II.

Pope Gregory sits in St. Peter's chair,
Pontiff proud, I ween, is he,
And a belted Knight,
In armour dight,
Is begging a boon on his bended knee.
With signs of grief and sounds of woe,
Faintly he kisses his Holiness's toe.

'Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave,
O holy Father, pardon and grace!
In my fury and rage,
A little Foot-page
I have left, I fear me, in evil case—
A scroll of shame
From a faithless dame
Did that naughty Foot-page to a paramour bear—
I gave him a 'lick'
With a stick,
And a kick,
Then sent him, I can't tell your Holiness where!
Had he as many necks as hairs,
He had broken them all down those perilous stairs.'

'Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
Rise up, rise up, I say to thee—
A soldier, I trow,
Of the Cross art thou—
Rise up, rise up from thy bended knee!
Ill it beseems that a soldier true
Of Holy Church should vainly sue—
Foot-pages, they are by no means rare,
A thriftless crew, I ween, be they,
Well mote we spare
A Page—or a pair,
For the matter of that, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
But stout and true
Soldiers, like you,
Grow scarcer and scarcer every day—
Be prayers for the dead
Duly read,
Let a mass be sung and a pater be said—
So may your qualms of conscience cease,
And the little Foot-page may rest in peace.'

'Now pardon, O Holy Father, I crave
O Holy Father, pardon and grace.
Dame Alice, my wife,
The bone of my life,
I have left I fear me in evil case.
A mark of shame in my rage I tore,
Which that caitiff Page to a paramour bore—
'Twere bootless to tell how I stormed and swore—
Alack, alack! too surely I knew
The turn of each P, and the tail of each Q—
And away to Ingoldsby Hall I flew.
Dame Alice I found,
She sunk on the ground,
And I twisted her neck till I twisted it round.
With jibe and jeer, and mock, and scoff,
I twisted it on, till I twisted it off.
All the King's Doctors, and all the King's Men,
Can't put her head on her shoulders again.'

'Well-a-day, well-a-day,
Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
Indeed—I hardly know what to say—
Foul sin, I trow, a fair Ladye to slay,
Because she's perhaps been a trifle too gay.
Monk must chaunt and nun must pray—
For each mass they sing and each prayer they say,
For a year and a day,
Sir Ingoldsby Bray
A fair rose-noble must duly pay.
So may his qualms of conscience cease,
And the soul of Dame Alice may rest in peace.'

'Now pardon, O Holy Father, I crave,
O Holy Father, pardon and grace.
No power could save
That paramour knave—
I left him, I wot, in evil case.
There, 'mid the slain
Upon Ascalon plain,
Unburied I trow doth his body remain,
His legs are here, and his arms are there,
And his head lies—I can't tell your Holiness where.'

'Now out and alas, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
Foul sin it were, thou doughty Knight,
To hack and to hew
A champion true
Of holy Church in such pitiful plight.
Foul sin her warriors so to slay;
When they're scarcer and scarcer every day.
A chauntry fair,
And of Monks a pair,
To pray for his soul for ever and aye,
Thou must duly endow, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
And fourteen marks by the year must thou pay
For plenty of lights
To burn there o' nights—
None of your rascally 'dips'—but sound,
Round, tenpenny moulds, of four to the pound,
And a shirt of the roughest and coarsest hair,
For a year and a day, Sir Ingoldsby, wear—
So may your qualms of conscience cease,
And the soul of the Soldier may rest in peace.'

'Now nay, Holy Father, now nay, now nay!
Less penance may serve,' quoth Sir Ingoldsby Bray.

'No champion free
Of the Cross was he—
No belted Baron of high degree—
No Knight nor Squire
Did there expire—
He was I trow, but a bare-footed Friar!
And the Abbot of Abingdon long may wait,
With his Monks around him, and early and late
May look from loop hole and turret and gate—
He hath lost his Prior—his Prior his pate.'

'Now thunder and turf!' Pope Gregory said,
And his hair raised his triple crown from his head—
'Now thunder and turf, and out and alas!
A horrible thing has come to pass.
What, cut off the head of a reverend Prior,
And say he was *only* a bare footed Friar?
What Baron or Squire,
Or Knight of the shire,
Is half so good as a holy Friar?
O, turpissime!
Vir nequissime!
Sceleratissime!—quissime!—issime!
Never, I trow have the *Servi servorum*
Had before 'em
Such a breach of decorum,
Such a gross violation of *morum bonorum!*
Come hither to me
My Cardinals three,
My Bishops in *portibus*,
Masters in *Artibus*,
Hither to me A. B. and D. D.,
Doctors and Proctors of every degree!
Go fetch me a book go fetch me a bell
As big as a dustman's and a can le as well—
I'll send him—where good manners won't let me tell!

'Pardon and grace—now pardon and grace?'
Sir Ingoldsby Bray fell flat on his face—
'*Mea culpa!*—in sooth I'm in pitiful case—
Peccavi peccavi!—I've done very wrong,
But my heart it is stout and my arm it is strong,
And I'll fight for the Church the whole day long,
And the Ingoldsby lands are broad and fair,
And they're here, they're there, I can't say where,
And holy Church may come in for her share.'

Pope Gregory paused and he sat himself down,
And he somewhat relaxed his terrible frown,
And his Cardinals three they pick'd up his crown.

'Now, if it be so that you own you've been wrong,
And your heart is so stout and your arm is so strong,
And you really will fight like a trump all day long—
If the Ingoldsby lands do lie here and there,
And holy Church shall come in for a share—

Why, my Cardinals three
You'll agree with me

That it gives a new turn to the whole affair,
And I think that the penitent need not despair!

And if it be so, as you seem to say,
Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray.
An Abbey so fair Sir Bray shall found,
Whose innermost wall's encircling bound
Shall take in a couple of acres of ground—
And there in that Abbey all the year round,

A full choir of monks and a full choir of nuns
Shall live upon cabbage and hot cross-buns—
And Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
Without delay,
Shall hie him again
To Ascalon plain,
And gather the bones of the foully slain—
And shall place the said bones with all possible care
On an elegant shrine in his Abbey so fair,
And plenty of lights
Must be there o' nights—
None of your rascally '*dips*,' but sound,
Best superfine wax-wicks, four to the pound;
And Monk and Nun
Shall pray each one
For the soul of the Prior of Abingdon.
And Sir Ingoldsby Bray, so bold and so brave,
Never shall wash himself, comb or shave,
Nor adorn his body,
Nor drink gin toddy,
Nor indulge in a pipe,
Nor shall dine upon tripe,
And forever renounce, abhor, and abjure
Rum, hollands and brandy, wine, punch and *liqueur*!

Sir Ingoldsby Bray
Here gave way
To a feeling which prompted a word profane,
But he swallow'd it down, by an effort, again,
And his Holiness luckily fancied his gulp a
Mere repetition of *O mea culpa!*

'Thrice three times upon Candlemas-day,
Between Vespers and Compline, the renown'd Sir Bray
Must run round the Abbey as best he may,
Subjecting his back
To thump and to thwack,
Well and truly laid on by a bare-footed Friar,
With a stout cat-o'-nine tails of whip-cord and wire—
And nor he nor his heir
Shall take, use, or bear
Any more from this day
The surname of Bray,
As being dishonored, but all issue male he has
Must with himself go henceforth with an *alias*!
Thus his qualms of conscience at length may cease,
And P'age, Dame, and Prior may rest in peace.'

Sir Ingoldsby (now no longer Bray)
Flies off like a shot away and away,
Over the brine,
To far Pales ine,
To rummage and hunt over Ascalon plain
For the unburied bones of his victims slain.

'Look out, my Squire,
Look higher and nigher,
Look out for the corpse of a bare-footed Friar!
And pick up the arms, and the legs, of the dead,
And pick up his body, and raise up his head.'

FYFFE III.

Ingoldsby Abbey is fair to see,
For it hath manors a dozen and royalties three,
With a right of free-warren, whatever that be:

Rich pastures in front, and green woods in the rear,
And all in full leaf at the right time of the year—
About Christmas, or so, they fall into the sear,
And the prospect of course becomes rather more drear,—
But it's really delightful in spring-time, and near
The great gate Father Thames runs sun bright and clear.
Cobham woods to the right—on the opposite shore
Laindon hills in the distance, ten miles off or more,
Then you've Milton and Gravesend behind—and before
You can see almost all the way down to the Nore.

So charming a spot

'Tis rarely one's lot

To see—and when seen it's as rarely forgot.

Yes, Ingoldsby Abbey is fair to see,
And its Monks and its Nuns are fifty and three,
And there they all stand each in their degree,
Drawn up in front of their sacred abode,
Two by two, in their regular mode,
While a funeral comes down the Rochester road.

Palmer twelve from a foreign strand,
Cockle in hat, and staff in hand,
'Come marching in pairs, a holy band!
Little boys twelve, drest all in white,
Each with his brazen censer bright,
And singing away with all their might,
Follow the Palmers—a goodly sight—

Next high in air

Twelve Yeomen bear

On their sturdy necks, with a good deal of care,
A patent sarcophagus, firmly rear'd,
Of Spanish mahogany, (not veneer'd.)

And behind walks a Knight with a very long beard.
Close by his side

Is a Friar, supplied

With a stout cat-o'-nine-tails of tough cow-hide,
While all sorts of queer men
Bring up the rear—Men.

At-arms, Nigger captives, Bow-men and Spear-men.

What boots it to tell

What you'll guess very well,

How some sang the requiem, and some toll'd the bell?
Suffice it to say

'Twas on Candlemas-day

The procession I speak about reached the *Sacellum*;
And in lieu of a supper,
The Knight on his crupper

Received the first taste of the Father's *flagellum*;
That, as chronicles tell,
He continued to dwell

All the rest of his days in the Abbey he'd founded,
By the pious of both sexes ever surrounded,
And eschewing the fare of the Monks and the Nuns,
Dined on cabbage alone, without touching the buns—
That year after year having run round the *Quad*
With his back, as enjoin'd him, expos'd to the rod,
Having not only kiss'd it, but bless'd it and thank'd it, he
Died, as all thought, in the odor of sanctity,
When—strange to relate! and you'll hardly believe
What I'm going to tell you—next Candlemas eve
The Monks and the Nuns in the dead of the night
Tumble, all of them, out of their beds with affright,

Alarm'd by the bawls

And the calls,

And the squalls,

Of some one who seem'd running all round the walls.

Looking out, soon,

By the light of the moon

There appears most distinctly to every one's view,
And making, as seems to them, all this ado,
The form of a Knight with a beard like a Jew,
As black as though steeped in that 'Matchless' of Hunt's,
And so bushy, it would not disgrace Mr. Muntz:
A bare-footed Friar stands behind him, and shakes
A *flagellum* whose lashes appear to be snakes,
While, more terrible still, the astounded beholders
Perceive the said Friar has *no head on his shoulders*,

But is holding his pate

With his left hand, straight,

As if by a closer inspection to find

Where to get the best cut at his victim behind,

With the aid of a small bull's-eye-lantern,—as placed
By our New Police, in a belt round the waist.

All gaze with surprise,

Almost doubting their eyes,

When the Knight makes a start like a race-horse, and flies
From his headless tormentor, repeating his cries
All in vain—for the Friar to his skirt closely sticks,
'Running after him,'—so said the Abbot,—'like bricks.'

Thrice three times did the Phantom Knight

Course round the Abbey, as best he might,

Be-thwack'd and be-smack'd by the headless sprite,
While his shrieks so piercing made all hearts thrill—
Then a whoop and a halloo—and all was still!

Ingoldsby Abbey has passed away,

And at this time of day

One can hardly survey

Any traces or track, save a few ruins, grey

With age, and fast mould'ring into decay,

Of the structure once built by Sir Ingo'sby Bray:

But still there are many folk's living, who say

That on every Candlemas eve, the Knight

Accoutred, and dight,

In his armor bright,

With his thick black beard—and the clerical sprite,

With his head in his hand, and his lantern alight,

Run round the spot where the old Abbey stood

And are seen in the neighboring glebe-land and wood;

More especially still if it's stormy and windy,

You may hear them for miles rousing up their wild shindy

—And that once in a gale

Of wind, sleet, and hail,

They frighten'd the horses, and upset the mail.

What 'tis breaks the rest

Of these soul's unblest

Would now be a thing rather hard to be guess'd,

Though some say the Squire on his death-bed confess'd

That on Ascalon plain

When the bones of the s'ain

Were collected one day and put up in a chest

Caulk'd and made tight

By command of the Knight,

Though the legs and the arms they'd got all pretty right

And the body itself in a decentish plight,

Yet the Friar's *Pericranium* was nowhere in sight.

So, to save themselves trouble, they'd pick'd up instead,

And popp'd on the shoulders, a Saracen's head.

Thus the Knight in the terms of his penance had fail'd,
And the Pope's absolution of course nought avail'd.

Now, though this might be,
It don't seem to agree

With one thing which, I own, is a poser to me—
I mean, as the miracles wrought at the shrine
Containing the bones brought from far Palestine
Were so great and notorious, 'tis hard to combine
This fact with the reason these people assign,
Or suppose that the head of the murder'd Divine
Could be aught but what Yankees would call genu-ine.
'Tis a very nice question—but be it as it may
The ghost of Sir Ingoldsby (*ci-devant* Bray)
It is bo'd'y affirm'd by both great and small
Still on Candlemas-day haunts the old ruin'd wall,
And that many have seen him, and more heard him squall.

So I think, when the facts of the case you recall,
My inference, reader, you'll fairly forestall—
That, spite of the hope
Held out by the Pope,
The brave English Knight was d—d after all.

MORAL.

Foot-pages and servants of ev'ry degree,
In livery or out of it, listen to me!
You see what comes of lying—don't join in a league
To humbug your master, or aid an intrigue.
Ladies, married and sing'e, from this understand
How foolish it is to send letters by hand.
Don't stand for the thought of a penny, bus when you
Have one to send
To a lover or friend,
Put it into the post, and don't cheat the revenue.
Reverend gentlemen—you who are given to roam,
Don't get up a soft correspondence at home;
But while you're abroad, lead respectable lives— [wives.
Love your neighbors, and welcome,—but don't love their
And, as bricklayers say from the tiles and the leads
When they're shovelling the snow off, 'Take care of your
heads!
Knights—whose hearts are so stout, and whose arms are
so strong,
Learn—to twist a wife's neck is decidedly wrong.
If your servants offend you, or give themselves airs,
Rebuke them—but mildly—don't throw them down stairs!
The state of society seldom requires
People now to bring home with them unburied Friars,
But they sometimes do bring home an inmate for life!
Now, don't do that by proxy—but choose your own wife.
For, see how annoying it would be when you're wed,
To find in your bed,
On a pillow, instead
Of the sweet face you look for—a Saracen's Head!

From Frazer's Magazine.

THE STORM.

Day fades away, and lowering clouds now fly
In troubled haste athwart the frowning sky—
That angry sky, whose fitful gleams show Death
Waiting his prey in yawning graves beneath.

The foaming billows rise from the vast deep,
Lashing the reeling vessel, till they sweep
The drowning victims from its shatter'd deck,
And leave the late proud ship—a sinking wreck.

See the poor mariner, with frantic grasp,
Struggling for life, some chain or cordage clasp,
While booming surges strike his sinking form,
And shrieks of torture mingle with the storm.

Hark to that cry of anguish and despair,
Borne for a moment on the murky air—
Now hush'd forever in the dread abyss,
The world of waves o'er which the wild winds hiss.

Were there not women's tones in that death-wail,
That rose above the tempest's furious gale?
And saw ye not the madden'd mother press
Close to her breast, with agoniz'd caress,
Her slumb'ring infant, doom'd to wake no more,
Hush'd to death's sleep by ocean's sullen roar?

Poor, hapless infant, child of sin and shame,
Whose birth destroy'd for e'er a mother's fame—
Yet whom she loved as only mother's love—
For whom she quell'd her pride, and vainly strove
To earn a scanty pittance,—till bereft
Of food and hope, she stain'd her hand with theft.

Exiled from home, and all she once held dear,
Yet she de-pair'd not, for her child was near—
And as she clasp'd it to her anxious breast,
Pray'd that its fate might be than hers more blest.

See, see! that angry wave has swept them o'er
The vessel's side, and closer than before
She clasps her child, and holds it high to save—
Vain effort! both have found a watery grave.

And there are forms of beauty floating round—
Ah, wo is me that crime and sin had found
Temples so fair—But let us not reveal
Sins o'er which mighty death had set his seal.
Let words of pity only pass the lip
When talking of the hapless Convict Ship.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE MINSTREL'S SONG.

You bid me strike the sounding lyre,
As once I used of old—
But time has dimm'd my minstrel fire,
And made my veins run cold.
Yet still on love I fain would dwell,
On fields where foemen fall—
Then listen while a tale I tell
About thy castle hall.

High rag'd the fierce battle on Bannockbourne side,
Where Bruce in his wisdom commands—
While firm for old England her chivalry ride,
And charge on his patriot bands.

Amid the proud pennons, advancing on high,
Full gracefully floating at large,
The mitre and cross on a crimson one fly—
God with us, the word for the charge.

But England, thy fortunes are falling thee here,
Thy force shall be withered and gone—
False ground lurks between the Scotch bands and the spear
The wrath of the Southron sends on.

Down—gone in confusion, as headlong they rush'd,
(All useless the hand and the eye.)
Are England's proud chivalry, crushing and crush'd,
In wrath and in madness to die.

Like a bird of prey poised, ere she stoops to flee
On her quarry, one flag was flown—
A moment it waved over plumes like a sea,
Till the plumes like the wave went down.

Oh, mark that red banner—ten crosses are plain,
But the symbol not long remains clear;
'Tis down—nay, it rises once more—then again
Did the mitre and cross disappear.

The battle is over—now bathed in his blood,
A knight sorely wounded went by—
On his brow sat defiance, and noble and good
Was the glance and the light of his eye.

I saw him in suffering—chain'd on the floor,
But they could not imprison his mind—
And danger and agony moved him no more
Than the sigh of the murmuring wind.

I've seen him at tournaments, extoll'd to the skies
For prowess and feats in the field—
And smiles from a hundred bright, beautiful eyes,
Ne'er moved him to guiltily yield.

But think not that feeling was cold in his breast,
I would not his heart was belied—
I've seen his lip quiver o'er sickness at rest,
And weep when an infant has died.

I've seen him when death—But my eyes now grow dim,
And my hand, too, is losing its pride—
All blessings I trust are the portion of him
Who fought on our ancestors' side'

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

THE MONK'S CHOICE.

'Brother Jacques! Brother Jacques!'

'Who wants Brother Jacques?'

'An old man, feeble and worn is he,
Who waiteth below to be shrived by thee.'
'Fool, fool! did'st not tell him refection was spread?
By the rood! I'll not leave it to waken the dead!'

'Brother Jacques! Brother Jacques!'

'Who wants Brother Jacques?'

'A widow, who seems to be sore distress'd
For her son, who lieth but ill at rest.'
'Peace, varlet! hand me that flagon, and say
I'll hie me unto her by break of the day.'

'Brother Jacques! Brother Jacques!'

'Who wants Brother Jacques?'

'A maiden is waiting thee—sly seems the jade—
I marvel how such should want fatherly aid!
As bold, too, as fair—for she laugh'd in my face,
When I ask'd if she came for confession and grace.'

'Good Ambrose! good Ambrose! I fear for thy fame
Such converse befits not thine age or thy name.
Bid the maiden come hither! Did'st say she was fair?
Then her sins are already dissolv'd into air.'

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE MIGHT OF SONG.

BY SCHILLER.

A rain-flood from the mountain-riven,
It leaps, in thunder, forth to Day,
Before its rush the crags are driven—
The oaks uprooted, whirl'd away—
Aw'd, yet in awe all wild'y glad'ning,
The startled wanderer halts below. |
He hears the rack-born waters mad'ning,
Nor wits the source from whence they go,—
So, from their high, mysterious Founts along,
Stream on the silenc'd world the Waves of Song!

Knit with the threads of life, for ever,
By those dread Powers that weave the woof
Whose art the singer's spell can sever?
Whose breast has mail to music proof?
Lo, to the Bard, a wand of wonder
The Hera'd of the Gods has given;
He sinks the soul the death-realm under,
Or lifts it breathless up to heaven—
Half sport, half earnest, rocking its devotion
Upon the tremulous ladder of emotion.

As, when the halls of Mirth are crowded,
Portentous, on the wanton scene—
Some Fate, before from wisdom shrouded,
Awakes and awes the souls of Men—
Before that stranger from another,
Behold how this world's great ones bow—
Mean joys their idle clamor smother,
The mask is vanish'd from the brow—
And from Truth's sudden, solemn flag unfurl'd,
Fly all the craven Falsehoods of the World!

So, rapt from every care and folly,
When spreads abroad the lofty lay,
The Human kindles to the Holy,
And into Spirit soars the Clay!
One with the Gods the Bard—before him
All things unclean and earthly fly—
Hush'd are all the meaner powers, and o'er him
The dark fate swoops unharmed by—
And while the Soother's magic measures flow,
Smooth'd every wrinkle on the brows of Woe!

Even as a child that, after pining
For the sweet absent mother—hears

Her voice—and, round her neck entwining
 Young arms, vents all his soul in tears—
 So, by harsh custom far estranged,
 Along the glad and guileless track,
 To childhood's happy home, unchanged,
 The swift song wafts the wanderer back—
 Snatch'd from the coldness of unloving Art
 To nature's mother arms—to nature's glowing haert !

THE GRAVE LAMPS.

BY SPENCER M. CLARK.

TEN thousand lamps are blazing bright,
 Above the hill side graves,
 Upon the ebon wings of night
 A shadowy splendor waves ;
 And through the thicken'd fields of air,
 See streams of radiance run,
 As if some hand had clust'ed there
 The fragments of a sun !

A beautiful and holy rite !
 Thus flinging o'er the dead,
 A lustre like a living light,
 To crown the lost one's bed.
 It seems as if pure fire from heaven
 Had fallen as of old ;
 As if some burning cloud were riven,
 And these its fragments roll'd.

Oh why should man e'er cast a pall
 Of gloom above the grave ?
 For flowers will bloom, and sun-light fall,
 And winds their pinions wave,
 Alike on grave or pleasant bower,
 On mountain or in glen,
 And clouds which seem o'er graves to lower,
 Rise from the hearts of men,

To the cold clay that sleeps beneath;
 No light or shade can come—
 It reck's not whether vale or heath
 Be chosen for its home.
 The soft sun-light, and thunder tone,
 When thrown upon the tomb,
 Alike fall heedless and unknown,
 To those within its womb.

But to the living, there will seem
 A sacred charm around,
 Though that deep sleep can know no dream,
 Can hear no earthly sound ;
 And he who would profane the spot
 With mockery of wo,
 Should feel he casts an unmeet blot
 On grief that passeth show.

This is a scene to soothe all pain,
 A pure heart-lifting sight !
 That gives the spirit free from stain,
 A thrill of deep delight.
 'Tis meet, 'tis meet ! flash higher up
 Your radiance on the air,

While friends quaff from devotion's cup,
 And raise the soul in prayer.

Morning unlocks her golden gates,
 Those lamps grow dim the while,
 E'en as the spirit, when it waits
 To gain its Maker's smile ;
 And burning through the sunny day,
 They wait the coming night,
 As for a while the spirit's ray
 On earth will burn less bright.

Evening's dark shadows gather fast,
 And from the hill of graves,
 Those lamps, like shadows of light, are cast
 Upon the heaving waves,
 And o'er the ocean's rising crest,
 Like cluster'd stars they fall,
 And shine upon its blacken'd breast,
 Like gems upon us all !

SONG.

The frolic was all forgot,
 Its laughter and its glee ;
 For in the scenes where thou wert not,
 I had no wish to be.
 My bosom friends, and once its pride,
 What were they now to me ?
 I gladly turn'd from all beside,
 And gave my soul to thee !

'Twas when the chain of love had wound
 About this heart of mine,
 And, as I fondly dream'd, had bound
 It lastingly to thine ;
 Yes ! I had been beguiled to think
 That nought could break the chain ;
 But, lady, thou hast rent the link,
 No more to meet again.

STANZAS.

BY FREDERIC S. ECKARD.

Traveller, faint not on the road,
 Droop not in the parching sun,
 Onward, onward, with thy load,
 'Till the night be won ;
 Swerve not, though thy bleeding feet
 Fain the narrow path would leave—
 From the burthen and the heat
 Thou shalt rest at eve.

Master of a holy charm !
 Yet be patient on thy way,
 Use the spell, and check the charm
 That would lead astray ;
 From the petty cares that teem,
 Turn thee, with prophetic eye,
 To the glory of that dream
 Which shall never die.

From the Literary Review

THE PORTRAITS OF VERSAILLES.

THE most valuable portion of the immense collection of pictures arranged in the Palace of Versailles, is certainly the series of portraits of persons of all ages and countries, but more especially of France, and of the 16th and 17th centuries, which is contained in the upper stories of that splendid pile of buildings. It is not only interesting from the fame of the personages whose effigies figure in it, but it has all the merit of being placed in that spot where most of them flourished and 'lived their little day': it tends to re-people the palace with a silent crowd of sovereigns and courtiers; and it forms a most suitable complement of the historical associations connected with every stone of its walls. There is hardly any one who has loitered through the endless suites of gorgeous apartments contained in that palace, but has remarked their loneliness, and has wished he could have seen them in all their glory, when the beauties, the warriors, and the statesmen of France crowded round the monarch in his sumptuous chamber, and when the mainstring of European policy was made to vibrate with the impulsions given it in his cabinet. The walls, though covered with marble, and glass, and gold, are still inanimate and cold types of royal splendor; the busy movement of a court is wanted to give them their full degree of interest, and the rooms require to be peopled as well as to be decorated. But the glorious times of Versailles are gone by, never to return; the splendor of the old court of France, the palmy days of the old noblesse, are matters of past history: the palace may never again be the residence of a French monarch, and it seems now only as a vast museum or rather necropolis of the arts—as a kind of large historical encyclopædia for the use of future generations. Versailles has fallen into the domain of the vulgar, and the everyday sights of the age; it has lost the magical prestige of royalty, and every *epicier* of Paris, every tailor of London, can now approach the gilded barrier of that royal couch where 'the grand monarch' lay in former days, to be idolized or feared by his trembling subjects. The secret recesses which witnessed only the steps of some favored beauty, as she hastened to meet the monarch of a subsequent epoch, or the rooms that in still later days were hallowed by the tribulations of Marie Antoinette—all these see the idle throng of ignorant or indifferent spectators, flocking through them in a continuous stream day after day, and are exposed in their nudity—golden and sumptuous though it be—to the eye of the profane vulgar. And

yet, better far it is that such should be the fate of this creation of Louis XIV., than that it should be erased from the spot on which it stands, or should have been converted to some still more unsuited purpose. More fortunate than the historic walls of St. Germain, or the religious solitudes of Fontevault, it has not been turned into a military penitentiary, like the chateau where Louis XIV. was born, and James II died; nor into a house of correction, like the abbey where more than one of the crowned heads of England found their final resting-place amidst the five churches that stood within its monastic enclosures. Versailles still exists, not only unscathed, but even improved, as a building; it has not been pulled down and sold for its materials, as some of the liberal deputies of 1830 proposed; nor has it been made a general hospital, as some philanthropic patriots had the impudence to recommend. Versailles has found its *juste milieu*—that sublimity of commonplace which suits the present political condition of France, that native mediocrity which will do well enough for the nation as long as it goes grovelling on under its citizen sway. It has been allowed to exist, and it has been 'utilized,' partly for the amusement, partly for the instruction of the multitude; and it has served the king, both as a political and as an artistical engine.

We are not disposed to be too captious in accepting the actual condition of Versailles. It is a great advantage that it should have been preserved to France, to Europe, and to the world; it has so much innate majesty in all its parts; every thing dependent on it is so truly loyal; it is still so vivid an exemplification of the taste and skill of what was certainly a glorious era, that it can never cease to be one of the most interesting monuments of architectural taste any where to be met with: it is now, as it always was, a thing apart—a thing *sui generis*—a thing to be seen and to be admired, but hardly to be criticized. We are willing to give Louis Philippe his due meed of praise for contributing to save this palace from the hand of time and popular spoliation: for the constancy with which he has persevered in his design of converting it to the best use, which under existing circumstances, could perhaps be given to it; and for the extensive manner in which he has employed almost all the artists of France in working for such a national museum. Still we cannot avoid regretting the circumstances that have placed the palace and the state in such a necessity; nor can we refrain from expressing a hope that future days and altered circumstances in France, may restore Versailles to its original destination as a kingly residence.

To revert however, to our more imme-

diate purpose of commenting on the portraits of Versailles, let us hasten to pronounce an anathema on the innumerable daubs, whether of the Empire, the Restoration, or the Revolution of July, which, as 'battle pieces' and 'political pieces,' disfigure so great an extent of its walls. Three fourths of the modern pictures of these kinds, executed for it, have not the merit even of actuality; they are nearly all ideal delineations of scenes that were in themselves far different from what the painters have chosen to make them; and they possess no merit as matters either of history or of art. There are brilliant exceptions among them, it is true, and some of the canvasses of Horace Vernet, for example, will live to future generations, and will be esteemed as works of art; but the majority of the pictures alluded to will, in days to come, be consigned either to the fire or the broker's shop, and will be replaced by something more real and more valuable. Not so with the rich pictures of Vander Meulen and his compeers, of the time of Louis XIV.;—their works show out with increased beauty amid the crowd of raw *croutes* that surround them, and they will be favorites in centuries yet to come, as they have been ever since they left their painters' easels. Not so with the portraits; their value will remain to them as long as the names of the personages they represent are remembered, and they will increase in historical value according as their origin becomes more and more remote.

A portrait, even though it attain only mediocrity as a work of art, is always valuable as an object of history: it possesses all the merit of reality, which ideal battle pieces can never obtain; and a collection of historical portraits, the moment it becomes tolerably complete and authentic, is one of the most precious illustrations of national history. The pictures of Versailles may be divided therefore, into two classes, the real and the ideal: in the former, we comprise all the portraits of personages, views of palaces, real delineations of battles, &c. which it contains; into the latter, we throw all the heterogeneous mass of *victoires*, *conquetes*, *et glories!* in which the Parisian cockneys take the most intense delight and have the most implicit belief, together with a certain number of unreal, imaginary portraits, of Pharamond, Clovis, &c., which have been manufactured at so much a head, or daubed in at so much the square foot.

The principal portion of the general collection of portraits is arranged in the apartments on the third or upper story of the northern wing of the palace. Many of the rooms have been thrown one into the other, and with a long gallery formed behind, afford space for the placing of numerous

series, from the earliest pictures in possession of the crown, down to those of persons who flourished at the time of the great Revolution.

This wing of the palace, when first building was tenanted by the Duke de Berry, grandson of Louis XIV., by the Prince de Conty, afterwards King of Poland, by the Duke and Duchess de Maine, by the Maréchal de Villars, by the Marquise de Thiénges, sister of Madame de Montespan, by the Duke de Simon, author of the *Memoirs*, by the Cardinal de Rohan, and by other personages of distinction attached to the French court.

These royal and noble inmates of the palace were lodged in the suites on the ground floor and the first floor, now occupied by the series of pictures illustrative of the history of France, and by two of the galleries of sculpture.

The second floor was inhabited by the officers of the royal household and by some of the many nobles or gentlemen who filled the various posts connected with the service of the crown. It is in the rooms of this second floor that we delight to stroll and to interrogate the silent canvasses which cover their walls, as to what were the feelings and the deeds of the personages whose lineaments they represent. It is here that, to borrow a favorite bard's expression, 'fond memory brings the light of other days around us;' and that, while surrounded as it were by the shades of the mighty dead, we feel ourselves transported back to the days in which they lived and acted. Let no one go to Versailles without spending an hour in the company of these mute, yet expressive, mementos of the olden times.

Upwards of 1000 pictures are fixed on these walls, not all equal in merit as works of art, nor equally interesting, whether as original portraits or as authentic delineations of those whose names they bear. They constitute about the third part of the general series of portraits of this Historical Museum, and hitherto they have included the most select, and the most precious of the whole.

Many of them are merely copies of others preserved either in the Louvre, or in the chateau at Eu, or in other large collections; many are decidedly ideal, or at any rate are not sufficiently authentic to merit so much attention as the rest. This latter class comprises a rather numerous series from the Sorbonne, where in former days the learned divines, who presided over that college, had formed a gallery of celebrities in literature and science, to serve probably as a kind of historical museum in petto. They appear, however to have been almost all executed at the same epoch, by some of the younger painters of

the day, and were most likely done by contract, or at a cheap rate.

The names they comprise include many of the greatest men of the middle and of later ages, from Dante and Petrarch down to Baronius and Scaliger; but from the very circumstance of their authenticity being suspicious, they lose in our eyes, nearly all their value—a thing not to be so much regretted, since in their execution they are not of high excellence. By far the majority part of the pictures, however, are the works of contemporary artists, are in admirable preservation, and bear all the vividness of color and freedom of touch which one could wish to see remaining in works of art.

It is to these rather than the others that our attention is turned; and without attempting to give even a brief biographical notices of the more remarkable personages thus depicted—a task which neither our space nor our time will allow—we will mention the general effect of the chief portraits, the peculiarities of lineaments, the expression of countenances once so well known in the world, and the degree of skill which the painters have exhibited in recording them.

The most remarkable picture in the first room, on entering from the northern end at the top of the staircase, is that which contains the portraits of the family Des Ursins. It is a long picture, on wood, which formerly adorned the chapel possessed by that family, in the southern aisle of the choir of Notre Dame; and it has been described in such detail by Montfaucon, that the antiquarian needs no further reference for a key to its merits. It appears to have been executed about 1450, and it is a most favorable specimen of the state of art in France at that early epoch. The subject of it is this—Jean Juvenal des Ursins, Prevot des Marchands of Paris, and afterwards Chancellor, is represented kneeling at his devotion, with his wife by his side in widow's weeds, which were originally only the dress of a monastic order; and behind them are placed all their children, eleven in number, each in the proper habits, and all at prayer. Under each personage is written his name, and behind them, forming the back ground of the pictures, is a rich hanging in cloth of gold, screening off part of a Gothic chapel with a fretted roof. They were all, it should seem, personable people in their day—the men noble in their bearing, the women handsome and ladylike; they were calculated to make a figure in the world, and we know, from the old chronicles of France that they were honorable and useful members of the state in times of peculiar distress and difficulty.

From the quaint language of the black letter inscription, we find that the Chief

styled himself, 'Mesire Jevan Juvenel des Ursins, Chevalier and Baron of Trainel, Counsellor of the King,' and his wife was 'Dame Michelle de Vitri.'

The worthy head of the family is in a full suit of Plate armour, with his arms properly emblazoned on his surcoat, his sword by one side, his helm by the other, and his 'Livre d'Heures' open before him, like a brave and pious gentleman. Next kneels a reverend prelate in full pontificals with crozier and breviary: he bore the same name as his father, being the eldest son, was a Doctor in both laws, Civil and Canon, Bishop and Count of Beauvais, Bishop and Duke of Laon, Archbishop of Rheims, and peer of France. A lady, Madame Jeanne Brulart, kneels behind her brother; then Mesire Loys Chevalier, Counsellor and Chamberlain of the King, armed like his father; then two ladies, Dame Jehanne de Chailli, and Damoiselle Eude, her sister,—they wear the high cap introduced by Isabeau de Baviere, and they look more intent on other subjects—perhaps a coming tournament, perhaps a ball—than the books above which they hold their hands as if in prayer. Another son, Denis Juvenel 'Escuyer,' kneeling behind, is followed by 'Seur Marie,' a nun at Poissy—the favored Abbey, founded by the sister of St. Louis on the western skirts of the Forest of St. Germain; she is in all the severe simplicity of her order. The fourth son was an historical personage, Messire Guillaume Chevalier, Baron of Trainel, Viscount of Troyes, Captain Lieutenant of the Gendarmes du Roy, Bailly de sens, Counsellor of the King, and finally Chancellor of France. His portrait, painted by Wolgemuth, matter of Albert Durer, occupies another frame in this room, and shows him to have been a burly and dignified personage, with a red face, close cropped hair, and of a rotundity suitable to his many dignities. His brothers, Pierre and Michel, both styled Escuyer, and armed as those, are behind him; and the family train is closed by Jaques, who was Archbishop of Rheims before his elder brother Jehan, and was also President of the Court of Accounts. Though such a picture is somewhat stiff in its execution, it is rich in its colour, and is evidently faithful from the many particularities it contains; it is a simple yet highly agreeable record of the family it represents and its value at the present day shows how a simple relic of art, if executed conscientiously, may become in after times a monument of great interest. It is considered one of the most precious pictures of the collection. Under this is one still earlier, the portrait of St. Louis of Sicily, second son of Charles II. of Naples, and Bishop of Toulouse. He died at an early age, only twenty three, after resigning his

claim to the crown to his younger Brother Robert; and his portrait bears all the traits of meekness which his character was known to exhibit. The figure is on a gold ground, the colors and the golden ornaments are almost in relief, and the execution of the face is beautiful in the extreme; it is quite in the style of Giotto, and as M. Vatrut has suggested, may with great probability be attributed to that early master, who died in 1336, nine years after the canonization of this sainted prelate. A third medieval picture of no small value is in the same apartment—the assembly of the Parliament of Burgundy under Charles the Bold, held about 1475. It has been described at great length by Montfaucon, and represents the Duke with all his legal officers and peers, each in their proper costume, performing the functions assigned to them in that solemn meeting. They are all in red robes, with various colored caps according to their rank; their looks are demure, as all these old pictures ever make them, their demeanor solemn and stately. The meeting is held in broad daylight, and “below the bar” are numerous suitors expediting their business with officers of the parliament. What renders this picture very valuable is, that the name and title of each person in it are recorded in the inscription at the upper part of the panel; and it forms altogether, one of the most authentic records extant of the official costume of the fifteenth century. Quaint and stiff as pictures of this kind are they possess great value as *bona fide* monuments of history. The preservation and collection of such productions cannot be too highly recommended, and it is a pity that Versailles does not number a larger series of this sort. There is a *pendant* to this picture in the same room—the First Chapter of the order of the Golden Fleece held by Phillip the Good, Duke of Burgundy; it represents the Duke on his throne, and the twenty-four Knights of the Order seated around. It is, however, of less interest than the other, being only a modern copy of a contemporary painting.

There are four small pictures in this part of the room, (which is allotted to the portraits of personages antecedent to the times of Henry IV.,) that are too remarkable to be passed over, though they are only copies of originals in other collections. They are most ably executed, however, and are quite fac-similes of their prototypes. The first is the portrait of Isabeau de Baviere, the beautiful but inconstant Queen of Charles VI., the poor maniac King of France, (1380—1422;) it is copied from the original in the Louvre, and gives a most favorable idea of her charms. She had a long, fair and delicately formed face, with dark and voluptuous eyes, half closed in the dreaminess of love; she must have

been tall, with long tapering hands and feet: and she wore her peculiar head dress the horned cap or *Hennin*, with exquisite grace.

The attachment of the unfortunate duke of Orleans, her adulterous brother in law, the most elegant man of his day, is easily accounted for by the fascinations which this portrait reveals. Underneath it is placed an extraordinary specimen of the most hideous of her sex, Marguerite Maultasche, or Margaret with the great mouth, Countess of the Tyrol in her own hereditary right, Margravine of Moravia, and Margravine of Brandenburg, by two successive marriages. Her face, formed like that of the rudest peasant, is disfigured by age and innumerable wrinkles into the similitude of an ape's; it is of a copper color, with small savage eyes, and a wild look that savours little of human sympathy; yet she was a virtuous woman, was of great influence in her time, and transferred the possession of the Tyrol to the house of Austria at her death, which occurred in 1369.

These two pictures are the direct extremes of French beauty and deformity. The third portrait is that of the fair Agnes Sorel, to whom, as much perhaps as to Jeanne d'Arc, France is indebted for the expulsion of her English conquerors in the middle of the fifteenth century. The beautiful mistress of Charles VII., the Dame de Beaute, is represented in a simple white cap with a plain black robe: the stomacher is unlaced in front, and a lapet turned down, by order of the royal lover, displays her left breast. Her looks are those of fond and deep feeling, without ambition and without pride: she seems to have been well suited for the monarch's quiet confidential friend; and we can comprehend, after thus becoming acquainted with her features, how she could retire from the splendor of a court and finish her days in peace at his manor of Mesnil near Jumieges.

Whoever sails up the Seine to Rouen, will remark the solemn ruins of that stately abbey: it was under a window in the northern transept of the principal church that the fair Agnes was buried.

The fourth picture is a good copy of the beautiful portrait by Clouet of Catherine de Medicis, in the Louvre, taken in her old age, but still not too late to allow of the remains of her haughty air and majestic deportment being readily traced. She had a broad intelligent face, not altogether devoid of a certain degree of candor—the very opposite of her character—and was calculated to wear a crown with no small dignity.

The energy which she undoubtedly possessed, and to which France may attribute much good as well as evil, is evinced by

this picture as though it were recorded in so many words.

Jeanne de Navarre, and Isabelle de France, Queen of Edward II. of England, are both placed in this collection, their portraits being originals, and interesting from the probable accuracy of their details. Jean Sans Peur, the cruel and ambitious Duke of Burgundy, Phillip the Good, his son, and Charles VII. of France, have also their portraits, originals, hung on these walls: these and others of remarkable personages of the same time, collected together in the same spot, give the spectator a presentation to the court of France at a period when the destinies of the country hung by a slender thread, and when its history was so much mixed up with that of our own nation, that it is familiar to all students. This assemblage of French princes and princesses is contrasted with one arranged at a little distance, including the Emperor Maximilian I. of Germany, with the members of his family. The face of the monarch itself, with a prominent aquiline nose, and a firmness of expression marking the great man, is one that cannot fail to be remembered: his portrait is of the school of Albert Durer, and is of the fine execution by which that master and his disciples were always characterized.

The Empress, Mary of Burgundy, daughter and heiress of Charles the Bold, the last Duke of Burgundy, is hung near that of his imperial consort, and close by them are those of their descendants, including Charles V. The long wars which Maximilian waged against France, the great political influence exercised by him in Europe, and the final establishment of the Germanic Empire, with the founding of the colossal power of Charles V.—all these circumstances, added to the many private particularities which are so well known of various members of the family, give to these pictures an unusual degree of interest. Most of the portraits are decidedly originals: but one of them, one of the best is erroneously attributed to Charles V.: the features are any thing but his, since they constitute an oval face with an aquiline nose, and a weak expression of the mouth: whereas the projecting chin and concave pupils of the great Emperor are too well known, and are indeed, too decidedly recorded in another picture in the same room, to admit of any mistake. There is a beautiful miniature—for so it may almost be called—of Lorenzo di Medicis, hung nearly over the fire place, finished with a minute delicacy, and yet with a freedom of design, rarely met with even in works of that date. He was a good-looking elegant man, any thing but Italian in the form of his features, and with sparkling fire in the eyes, that told of his wit and his naturally cheerful disposition. A por-

trait which bears the name of Henry VIII. of England, and comes from the collection of the Sorbonne, is placed hereabouts, below one of Francis I. The former has not the merit of being even a traditional likeness: it is the work evidently of a bad painter of the seventeenth century, and makes bluff Hal look like a beef-eater who has been kept on bread and water for a month or more. The latter is certainly a contemporary painting executed with great artistical skill, and the work probably of an Italian master; but it caricatures the features of the prince as Titian has portrayed them; and we are much more inclined to give faith to the great Venitian than to the anonymous painter. Another portrait of Francis, and one of Claude of France, his queen, both contemporary productions, are not only within the limits of traditional resemblance, but are of value as good specimens of the art of a brilliant epoch.

Leaving for a while the features of royalty and nobility to gleam in majesty from their sombre panels, the eye is caught, at this part of the collection, by the traits of some of the greatest men of some of the middle ages. There is a sweet portrait of Petrarch, the melancholly studious bard: and a traditionary one of Dante, from the collection of the Sorbonne. Boccaccio also finds a place on these walls: but the doubtful origin of these pictures makes them yield in interest to some better certified originals of Italian productions. Then there is a very remarkable portrait of Columbus, by an unknown but contemporary artist: it includes only the head of the great navigator, and is painted with a richness of color and boldness of design, that warrant its being assigned to a master of the Florentine school.

The discoverer of America was a fresh, harsh-featured man, with large, round and prominent eyes, a nose wide at the nostrils round cheeks and chin, endowed with much benevolence of expression, and with a certain piercing look, which always accompanies great genius. America Vespuccio, who appears on the opposite wall, his portrait being copied from one in the collection of the Chateau de Beauregard; and Mallegan, whose portrait has a similar origin, have by no means the originality of expression which strikes us in the physiognomy of the more illustrious contemporary.

Cortez and Pizarro, also from the chateau de Beauregard, are included in this series; but we do not know what authority attaches to their portraits, to be able to pronounce on their merits. There is a curious red looking portrait of Michel Angelo, on panel: a contemporary picture, painted with great vigor, and yet highly finished. It represents the immortal mas-

ter in his younger days, with one of those sullen unbrageous looks that struck awe into his friends as well as his enemies : a white cap is on his head, and he is not altogether devoid of a certain coarseness or even vulgarity of character, which perhaps may be objected to him as a reproach not unfounded. It is much to be regretted that nothing positive is known as to the origin of this valuable picture, which has never, that we know of, being engraved. Copies of portraits of Raffaele, Ariosto, Castiglione, Pic di Mirandola, and numerous other Italians of fame, fill up considerable spaces on the walls of this room : but we pass them over for their want of originality.

Besides several Popes, Cardinals, and eminent Catholic Divines, whose portraits chiefly derived from the collection of the Sorbonne, figure among the worthies of their large room, we find those of three men whose names are too well known in the religious and political world to allow of being unnoticed. The first is an ancient portrait, of uncertain origin, of St. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the order of Jesuits. He was a Spanish gentleman, as is well known, the son of Don Bertrand de Loyola in Guipuscoa, and was born in his father's castle in 1491. According to this picture, he was tall, well made, had a round face, with all the bearing of a warrior and a gentleman: and must have been quite a man of the world when this portrait was painted. He is represented in full plate armour, and along the bottom of the picture runs this inscription, 'Verra effigies S. Ignaty de Loyola.' Far different this dress and this manner of life from what he afterwards adopted in the fervour of religious enthusiasm, when he was a student of the College de Montaign at Paris, a building which still exists, close by the Pantheon, and when he chose the rigid statutes of that house as the code of regulations for his order.

The two others are the portraits of Calvin and Luther, both original pictures, but from what collection, or by what painters, is not stated; but they have the sturdy look which every body knows, and they shine out with a kind of comfortable air amid the sallow countenances of mortified churchmen which every where surround them. By their side, as if in mockery, is the dirty picture of the dirtiest of mankind Rabelais, the sarcastic buffoon of his epoch the irreverend incumbent of the rectory of Meudon, the Sterne of the sixteenth century. He had a small, round, greasy face, with piercing grey eyes, a turned-up nose, and a cynical expression of contempt which perfectly corresponds with the tone of his writings: the picture is coeval with its subject; but the painter's name is not known.

As we pass along the ranges of pictures which cover the walls of this saloon, we come again to royal and princely personages, and are gratified at the sight of works of art, precious either for their curiosity, or for their merit of first rate execution. Among them, two in particular arrest the attention : one by Cranah, painted about 1546, and representing John Frederic the Magnanimous, Duke and Elector of Saxony; the other probably by the same German master, and certainly of his time, with the portraits of Sibylla of Cleves, wife of the above personage, and of John Frederic II., their son, Duke of Saxe Gotha. The latter picture has the dresses laid on in gold, with the ornaments and patterns worked in with color above, and the features, drawn with much care, are finished with the highest delicacy and beauty of manual execution. This is a very fine production of the art of that epoch. Another portrait of the time is that of Diane de Poitiers the beautiful mistress of Henry II., and widow of Louis de Breze, grandson of Agnes Sorel : it does not represent her to so much advantage as other pictures, or as the immortal statue in the Louvre, by Jean Cousin, has done; but it has nevertheless its value as a work of art, and it is one of the really historical treasures of the collection. In a corner of the room, with grim aspect and thundering looks, directed as if against the countenances of Calvin and Luther, is the portrait of Mary I. of England, the gloomy bigot who caused so much needless misery and took so much pains to ruin the sinking cause of Romanism. Her ruddy hair, and compressed lips, with a sinister glance from beneath her projecting eyebrows, give Mary that peculiarly disagreeable aspect for which her physiognomy has been traditionally noted. There is suspended near her picture, but higher up on the wall one of those magnificent canvasses, which no one but a great master, a giant of the Italian schools, can have produced—the portrait of Phillip II. of Spain as a young man. The monarch is dressed in a tight suit of black, with a small white ruff; he supports his right hand on a table, and is looking toward the right of the picture : his countenance is not devoid of pleasing expression, and bears none of those characteristics, whether of religious fanaticism or political cruelty, which have been attributed to him—we believe in great part erroneously—by modern writers. This picture, with one of Elizabeth of France, his third queen, is distinguished for extraordinary richness and harmony of coloring. They may both with little chance of error be attributed to Titian, and would form admirable examples of that master's style. The portrait of Don Carlos of Spain, eldest son of Phillip II., who died in his 24th

year, is placed as the pendant to that of his father. It is by Antonio Moro, an artist whose productions are of great rarity in France, and it constitutes one of the finest pictures, not only in Versailles, but in the possession of the crown.

The infante is standing with a small black cap on his head, his hair cut close, and a short Spanish mantle of light brown cloth embroidered with gold, hanging over his shoulders: his aspect is that of an active intelligent youth—for he is evidently very young—and bears little resemblance to the features of his father. The coloring and above all, the handling of this picture, have hardly been surpassed in the finest works of Velasquez: it is a production that may be looked at again and again and always with fresh pleasure. Maria of Austria, eldest daughter of Charles V. and Maximilian II. of Germany, her consort, are on canvasses of small dimensions, near the latter picture; and beneath them is one of Mary Queen of Scots, copied from the original in the royal collection at Eu, but by no means a flattering likeness of that unfortunate princess.

In the room immediately adjoining this, is another and larger picture of the same royal lady, copied from an original portrait in the cathedral of Antwerp, and which as the tradition goes, was placed there by the ladies of her suite, who retired to that city after her murder: but this later picture if the original be a faithful likeness, upsets all received notions, as to the style of her face and the character of her beauty. It makes her not unlike Marie de Medicis, with a slightly acquiline nose, and with a narrowness of the frontal bone, which we are commonly inclined to believe were not to be found in her lovely face. William I of Nassau, Prince of Orange, the courageous defender of the low countries against the arms of Phillip II., painted by Francois Porbus, sen., attracts immediate attention at this part of the room; and it carries the eye on to those of the Cardinal de Coligny, son of the latter—all, like the Prince just named, heroic defenders of the Protestant cause. We have thus enumerated some of the most remarkable pictures in this, the first, room of the collection; it comprises an immense variety of portraits, and it brings the spectator to the reigns of Henry III. and Henry IV. of France, who with the personages of their courts and times, are placed in the apartment immediately following.

There is a small portrait of Henry III. in the second room of the collection, contemporary with the monarch, but not remarkable as a picture; the most curious painting in which the king is delineated, is the representation of a ball, given at court on the 24th of September 1581, on occasion of the marriage of Anne, Duke

de Joyeuse, with Marguerite de Lorraine.

This is an oblong picture, of no great dimensions, and represents the following personages, either dancing a saraband, or seated in one of the rooms of the Louvre: Henry III., King of France and Poland: Louise de Lorraine, Queen of France; Catherine de Medicis, Queen Dowager; Marguerite de France, Duchess de Velois, Queen of Navarre, and afterwards of France: Henry Duke de Guise, the Balafré: Charles Duke of Lorraine: Anne Duke de Joyeuse, the bridegroom: and Marguerite de Lorraine, his bride. It is from the palette of Francois Clouet, and is executed with all the care and high finish for which that master is celebrated. As offering a faithful cotemporary representation of the manners and dresses of the French court, at that period, it is invaluable: but the general effect of it from the quaint costumes, stiff positions, and serious looks of all the illustrious party, is any thing but agreeable.

There is another, and a smaller picture, not by Clouet, we are inclined to believe, also representing a ball given at the court of Henry III.: the date and occasion of it are not known, but it contains the portrait of the King, of his queen, of Catherine de Medicis, and of many important personages of that period. Both these entertainments were given in broad daylight, and in the latter there is a prim figure of a nobleman leading a lady down a long gallery with a kind of minuet step, which approaches closely to a caricature.

A still more curious picture, not equal by any means to the above in execution, but of high interest from being a contemporaneous representation of a most remarkable scene, is placed in the same room, and is entitled 'The Procession of the League.' The subject of it is thus described by Montfaucon:—'In 1594, after the death of the Cardinal de Bourbon, the chiefs of the League made a procession in Paris, the most singular and grotesque that had ever been seen. It set out from the church of the Grand Augustins; the leaders were the Bishop of Senlis, the rector of St Cosme, and the Prior of the Chartreux, who held a cross in one hand and a pike in the other: next came the Capucins, the Feuillants, the Minimes, the Cordeliers, the Dominicans, and the Carmelites, armed with helmets, cuirasses, and muskets, which they from time to time discharged. A servant of the Cardinal Cajetan, the legate, was killed by a shot fired by one of these monks. The monk who most signalized himself in the procession was Father Bernard, who was called the *Petit Feuillant boiteux*, and he kept running about from one side to another, making all kind of gambados, and brandishing his sword with both hands. It was observed that in this

procession there were neither Celestins, nor Benedictins, nor any of the religious brethren from the abbeys of St. Genevieve or St. Victor. The picture in fact, shows a motley group of monks, clad in all the variety of costume which their fancy seems to have suggested, coming tumultuously down one of the various streets of old Paris, and displaying antics which the 'gamins' of 1830 certainly did not surpass. The servant of the Cardinal is represented as falling at the moment he is struck by a random shot; and a crowd of citizens, in lay costumes, are standing by the side of the street, not a little astonished and scandalized at so unseemly a display of politico-religious zeal. This picture was painted for the Sorbonne in 1595, by order of the Bishop of Senlis himself, the leader of the gang, who was at the period provost of the famous college of Navarre in the university of Paris—the name of the artist is not known.

There are two fine portraits of Henry of Guise, the Balafré, in this room, and two others of his brother the Cardinal: all four painted at the time, and of admirable execution. They show these princes to have been of the noblest aspect, men of decision, and quite of the character given them in history. Unless the portrait of the duke flatters him, the scar from which he derived the sobriquet added to his name, did not disfigure him to any great extent: while the piercing glance of his dark eye, with the manly courage that distinguishes his whole countenance, must have made him a most remarkable personage.

The Cardinal has just the same kind of a face—a slightly aquiline nose, a small compressed lip, and a certain air of stateliness, well suited to his exalted position; both were evidently thin, active men, and their make and lineaments will bear a favorable comparison with those of the Bourbon family, to whom their death made the access to the throne more easy. However imperfect the title of the Guises to the crown of France, compared with that of Henry IV., may have been, and whatever may have been their degree of political guilt in conspiring against Henry III., there is reason to suspect that their race would have been preserved in its original energy of character far longer than that of the Bourbons has done. Compared with the effeminate and contemptible prince then on the throne, and by whom they were so cowardly assassinated, the Guises were much fitter to be at the head of the nation: and had they succeeded in seizing on the royal authority, the destinies of France would have had a far different character from what they possessed in after times.

The murder of these two illustrious

brothers at Blois, was the signal for a calamitous series of intestine dissension, in France, which greatly retarded the civilization of the nation: and their downfall was but the prelude to that systematic abasement and persecution of the great nobles, the natural protectors of the people, which was afterwards carried out by Richelieu to such a bloody extent. The period of the League, and the political storms to which France was thus exposed, constitute some of the most picturesque pages of her history: the portraits therefore, of the leading characters of those days, must always be objects of peculiar interest. A powerfully painted portrait of Alexander Farnesa III., Duke of Parma and Placenza, governor of the low Countries for Philip II, and one of the most illustrious generals of his age, is another of the remarkable pictures in this room. Near it are placed those of Popes Sextus V. and Urban VII., Phillip Strozzi, 'Colonel General' of the French infantry in 1580, Montaigne the Essayist, Cujus the Jurisconsult, Tollet the Jesuit, author of the 'Cases of Conscience,' and numerous others of notable personages of the end of the sixteenth century.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE LAST O'ROURKE :

BEING A PASSAGE FROM THE DIARY OF THE
MONK OF KNOCKDERMOT.

If any person should presume to assert
This story is not moral, first I pray
That they will not cry out before they are hurt.
BYRON.

THERE has been of late years a passion for notorious and extraordinary modes of crossing that 'bourne from whence no traveller returns,' and some very pleasant volumes, and instructive withal, have been written, upon the fancies of those who choose to lay their heads upon railways, or jump from the Monument; but were matters in the same state still as I have witnessed them, I could recommend the lover of a romantic exit a mode of compassing his end with equal promptitude and certainty—and that were to attempt the exploit, from the consequences of which I once saved two daring wights. Mr Israel Morgan, of Lyon's Inn, solicitor, had it seems the felicity of numbering among his debtors Roderic O'Rourke, of Castlecliff, Esquire: an honor which Mr. Morgan enjoyed in common with a large number of the denizens of the 'modern Babylon.'

Mr. O'Rourke had been one of the 'discreet burgesses' whom the borough of—had contributed to the collective wisdom of Parliament, and in the first blush of his

senatorial honors he managed to become recorded, to a considerable extent, in the ledgers of wine-merchants, tailors, boot-makers, and several other classes, the 'natural enemies' of an Irish gentleman. These palmy days, however, wore away. 'Kites' refused to rise; and the whole house of Israel seemed banded together to depreciate the autograph of Mr. O'Rourke (a commodity of which by the way, he was much more prodigal than Mr. Daniel O'Connell when he refused his sign manual to the Emperor of Russia before it was asked for.) Never did the leader of a popular opposition more fervently pray for a dissolution than did the tradesmen of the honourable member for—. And that consummation came at length; but Mr O'Rourke had been a ministerial supporter, and he got warning in time to escape. Had he chosen Texas, or Timbuctoo, his victims might have hoped, but out of Connaught there was no redemption. Israel Morgan was the only one who had courage to thunder forth a writ. Term after term did Israel labor strenuously to introduce the said Roderic to the Barons of the Exchequer, and cordially did monarch after monarch 'greet' the sheriff of Mayo, desiring him to assist the attorney in his laudable efforts, if Mr. O'Rourke were 'found in his bailiwick.' But whether it was that the high county functionary was weak in his vision, or that he was not personally acquainted with the lord of Castlecliff, it is nevertheless a fact that he has dined at the same table with that gentleman, and returned next day an assurance, in bad Latin, that he 'could not be found.'

For several months and years did Mr. Israel Morgan receive the same return to his formidable missives; and that which yet more astonished him was the fact that contemporaneous with a '*non est inventus*,' the Irish newspapers often informed him that the Ballycrasha stakes were won cleverly by Mr. Roderic O'Rourke's Thunderbolt, 'ridden by the owner'; or, 'an affair of honor came off at Castlecliff a few days since, between Roderic O'Rourke, Esquire, and an English tourist: the cause of the quarrel is supposed to be the English gentleman's having asserted that Castlecliff was built in the Saxon style of architecture, after Mr. O'Rourke's declaration that it was erected by one of his ancestors, who was monarch of Mayo, before the flood.' These contributions to Mr. O'Rourke's biography added little to Mr. Morgan's complacency; and finally the report of a skirmish between the 'poteen peelers' and the peasantry, 'headed by Mr. O'Rourke,' having reached town on the same day as the usual return, Mr. Morgan *suddenly diabolically*, determined to accompany his bailiff into *terra incognita*, and see 'good service' done upon the delinquent.

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Roderic was informed of his city friend's intention, but was utterly incredulous on the subject, deeming the feat beyond the mental span of any mortal attorney; and it was not until true advices had reached him by the report of Lanty Corrigan, his whipper in, that 'a pair of sthrangers, with a guager-look about thim, wor comin' up the *boreheen* (as the avenue of Castlecliff was entitled,) that he became convinced that Israel had been, as he expressed it, so far given over to the devil an' his own devices.'

At the time at which the attorney arrived at his own destination, I had been returning from a visit of charity, and the October evening was setting in as I approached Castlecliff by a continuation of the *boreheen*, or bridle path, already mentioned. I had just ridden into the shadow of the old square tower, which alone remained of the castle built 'before the flood,' when I heard angry voices in loud recrimination in front of the ruined court-yard-wall.

'Do you mean to impede me in the execution of my duty?' asked some one in the pure Doric of the 'liberties' of Dublin.

'Feth then, I dont av ye go home ag'in dacintly, my jewel; but by the blissid candle, av ye step another half yard it 'ill be over my remains,' replied Lanty Corrigan.

'You'll answer for this, sir. If you don't in a moment let us pass,' squeaked the treble of Mr. Morgan, 'I'll make an example of you!'

'The first time I'm in London, I'll lave ye my card, Misther Morgaun: but in troth, I'd advise ye to be makin' yerself scarce; for ov the boys catches ye, and knows yer callin'—an', by the vestment! here they come from the praty field beyant—they might hit ye 'by mistake, ye see, in a mortal part, Sir, and put the masther the expinse of burying ye—that's when he comes home.'

As Lanty concluded this piece of friendly advice, I turned the angle of the wall, and confronted the party: while from the opposite gateway entered the 'boys,' from whose inaccuracy of aim the whipper in had predicated such serious consequences to the attorney.

'Here's a gintleman, boys,' said Lanty, 'afflicted wid a very unforthunat madness. He thinks, ye persave, that he has a writ to take Masther Rody, an' this dacint man in the white coat that's wid him, can't persuade him to the contrary.'

The Dublinian gave a shrewd look at the whipper in, and happening at the same time to catch the eye of the foremost 'boy,' who wielded a *clahalpeen* (*Anglice* spade) in a very menacing attitude, he fell into the humor of the joke.

'Yes, boys,' repeated the bailiff, 'ye'd

The Last O'Rourke.

betther keep off, for 'tis a very dangerous disease entirely he has.'

'Thru' for ye, Misther Dolan' replied Lanty, 'tis the most dangerous he could have in these parts, any how, both for himself an' you. We'd better tie him on a cart, and take him over to Castlebar.'

'While this comfortable conversation proceeded, Mr. Morgan looked on, half bewildered; and at length found words to exclaim,

'My God! Dolan are you too, in this diabolical conspiracy against my liberty? I tell you gentlemen,' addressing the 'boys' the writ's as good as ever issued out of his 'Majesty's courts in Dublin; and Mr. O'Rourke's a finished swindler, a blackleg, a—'

The continuation of the unfortunate attorney's address was cut short by a blow of a stick, which laid him sprawling on the ground, and I just rode up to the gate in time to stay the crowd in their rush at the two strangers, while Lanty Corrigan, mounting the wall, exclaimed,

'Oh! boys, for the love o' the Virgin, dont sthrike a madman! An' you, Jim Burke, 'tis fitter ye brought round the mare an' cart to take him a stage to Bedlam, than stand there wid sich a murderin' weapon on yer fist.'

Mr. Burke made very little delay in responding to this request: while amid the most furious denunciations of action for false imprisonment, and indictments for assault, the ill-starred attorney was placed in the cart between two of the 'pisantry,' and driven by a third on the way to Castlebar.

The recurrence, however, of exploits of this nature gave Mr. O'Rourke a rather unenviable notoriety. The sheriff was at length placed under the necessity of finding Roderic 'within his bailiwick,' by certain unmistakable intimations of his presence; and it was determined to proceed with the *posse comitatus* to make an inventory of the effects at Castlecliff, and a capture of its lord. It was in vain that Roderic sent a message to the sheriff, by a gentleman, who had, like Dugald Dalgetty, served 'all the Christian Kings of Europe.' He would not come when he did call him; and accordingly, Roderic was driven precipitately to leave the hall of his ancestors on the day before the intended inroad, leaving an imitation that to save the sheriff trouble, he had made the materials of the inventory as few as possible; and adding that it was firmly his determination to settle with his creditors upon a certain festival called, 'Tib's eve,' which occurs neither before nor after Easter. Following the principle which is said sometimes to guide a fox that has escaped, when he keeps lurking near the kennel, Roderic determined to go to London,

at least as a stage towards Austria, whose army he had complimented in his youth with his presence as a cadet.

For several weeks I heard nothing of the proceedings or my *quondam* parishioner. At length some compunction for neglecting his confessor came over him, and he complimented me with the following epistle:—

'It is long, holy father, since I learned to admire the wisdom of the church; and in nothing is it more apparent than when it designates London a bishopric '*in partibus infidelium*,' for by my conscience! more completely heathenish customs are not cultivated in the world than amongst the tradesmen of the 'great metropolis.'

They have no more idea of the respect that is due to a gentleman, than had Oliver Cromwell when he threw a bomb into the parlor at Castlecliff, as my great-grandfather and the priest were over their tenth tumbler. I'm led into these melancholy reflections by a little incident which happened this afternoon in Regent Street. I was walking leisurely along, indulging in a little swagger, indigenous to Connaught, thinking of nothing in particular when all of a sudden I got a curiously familiar tap on the shoulder, and wheeling about, I was confronted by a gentleman who, while I adorned the senate, viewed my capture only as a thing to be hoped for, against hope, and who has ever since, evinced the most acute anxiety to make my acquaintance. He was proceeding to favor me with the perusal of a document which he drew from his pocket, when just to save him trouble, I knocked two of his teeth out, and made a race that would have blown Thunderbolt. This untoward event has hastened another little matter which I have on hand. Chance has thrown in my way a very good looking brunette, with a pair of eyes that I never expected to see east of Athlone. But my astonishment was great when, on mentioning my royal patronymic, she replied,

'There's a shocking person of your name, sir, in Ireland.'

'Indeed,' I returned. 'I have little doubt that there are several.'

'But there's one who owes my papa such a lot of money.'

'And to many another, I'll go bail,' I replied.

'And do you know sir, when papa went to Ireland to see him, a mob of savages persuaded him that he was mad, and carried him away on a cart.'

'O, thought I, 'is this the end of my new *affaire*. There have been less grounds for concluding a gentleman mad,' said I, 'than the fact of his going to Connaught to get payment of a large debt.'

'And here I changed the subject, and that with so much effect, that shaling off

my natural bashfulness, I obtained her promise to meet me the next day. I need not detail to you how I pressed my suit, and what a high opinion she has of my chivalry and devotion, and how she confounds me with the O'Rourke of Tom Moore, and the other respectable gentleman whose

'noble feast will near be forgot

By those who were there and those who were not,'

the latter division, namely, 'those who were not,' I having assured her constituted a very large company indeed. To sum up father, she elopes with me tonight: and if we escape my unlucky planets, old Morgan, and the New Police, you may hear from me: but if my usual good fortune attends me in this exploit, run your eye over the police reports, and you will undoubtedly hear of your persecuted parishioner.

'RODERIC O'ROURKE.'

It was about a fortnight after the receipt of the above that I read in the Dublin Pilot, 'On Sunday last at the Roman Catholic Chapel, Southampton, by the Rev. Dominic O'Rourke, Roderic O'Rourke, of Castlecliff, Mayo, and Ballyricketty Abbey, Galway, Esquire, Captain, 11th Austrian Yagers, Knight of the Tower and Sword, late M. P., to Julia, only child of Israel Morgan, Esquire, Solicitor.' Roderic still sometimes visits his paternal ruin; but all his efforts have failed to induce his father-in-law to make one of the party.

"B."

From the Dublin University Magazine.

LIFE IN HANOVER.

BY DUDLEY CASTELLO.

CHAPTER I.

THE GARDEN.

"I enter thy garden of roses,
Beloved and fair Haidee."

BYRON.

THE traveller who has wandered through the north of Germany cannot fail to have been struck with the extreme liberality and good taste displayed by the proprietors of the many beautiful gardens and pleasure grounds in the neighborhood of all the large towns, in throwing them open unreservedly to the public.

In no part of the country has more solicitude been manifested to make the most of unpromising materials than in the environs of the city of Hanover. If it were not for the swiftly flowing Seine, which partly encircles the town, and pours one of its streams through its very centre, the task would have been one of some difficulty; but the facility of irrigation has great-

ly assisted the efforts of the land owners, and the result is the number of pleasant walks and gardens that surround the place. The royal domains of Herrenhausen and Montbrillant are the most extensive, and display the greatest pretension, but they are neither so well situated, nor turned to such good account, as some of the smaller gardens belonging to the nobility of Hanover.

It was in one of the latter that the opening scene took place of the occurrences which furnish the substance of the following pages.

In the summer of the year 183—it chanced that a young Englishman accidentally took up his abode in Hanover, during an excursion which was destined to last some months in that part of Europe. One fine morning therefore, he betook himself to the environs of the town to enjoy, if not the picturesque, at any rate the smiling aspect of nature, beneath the clear blue sky and glowing sun of summer. It was yet early, but the occupations of life had begun in the streets. The peasant-women were sawing timber for firewood, while their husbands smoke their pipes, and leisurely looked on; the city scavenger had gone his rounds with his bell in his hand, and his gigantic broom across his shoulder and the women again—the old poor of the town—had nearly finished the labor of sweeping the streets through which he had perambulated. The grocer had begun to roast his coffee in front of his shop—the market folks had set out their fruit and vegetables—the knitters in the sun had taken to their live long occupation—in short, the clock of the Neuen-Kirche had just struck seven.

Our traveller—let us call him by his name, Charles Denham—crossed the wide market place near his residence, and proceeded in a southerly direction, from whence he had been told he might perchance descry the blue summit of the distant Brocken. He traversed the Waterloo Square, pausing for a moment only to look upon the bust of Leibnitz, and then pursued his course through a fine gateway, beyond which lay before him a broad expanse of wooded country, on the verge of which the dark outline of the Hartz was distinctly visible. He had not proceeded far in this direction, when his attention was drawn to a pretty classical building, with a fine Greek portico, which stood at the extremity of a beautiful lawn, and was embosomed amid a mass of the richest foliage. From the situation in which this building was placed, with the long sweep of variegated country extending toward the mountains, and the rapid waters of the Seine occasionally glancing in the sunlight, as they escaped from the thick woods through which they sped their course, it well deserved the name which the hand

that raised it had inscribed upon the entablature, that of 'Bella Vista.' Surveying the grounds with closer attention, he perceived at a short distance the entrance, which had previously escaped his observation, and where an open gate seemed to invite the footsteps of the wanderer. He accordingly returned in that direction, and on a nearer examination, found that the rising wish had been forestalled by an inscription, which told that all 'decently dressed' persons were permitted to enter freely, and loiter in the gardens as long as daylight lasted. An interdiction from smoking, and the reservation to the family of a small space immediately in front of the house, were the only restrictions to which the visitor was subjected.

Admiring the liberal spirit of this general invitation, Denham gladly availed himself of it, and after proceeding a short distance along the carriage road, struck off into a narrow winding path, which presently led him to the borders of a beautiful miniature lake, as solitary and picturesque as if it had been nestled in the very heart of the mountains.

Crossing a rustic bridge, beneath which a gaily decorated pleasure-boat was idly floating, he pursued his track until he reached the further extremity of the little lake, and then the path stole up a gentle ascent, amidst clumps of birch and mountain ash, and was soon lost to the view. It was evident that every possible advantage had been taken of the irregularity of the ground, and that the most consummate taste must have presided over its present arrangement.

So thought Charles Denham, as he wandered delightedly amid the pleasant shades endeavouring to conjure up some image of the fair being—for she must be fair, he thought—who had formed this oasis in the midst of a region so comparatively sterile. Of a highly imaginative disposition, his temperament qualified him in a peculiar degree for the inoculation of German sentiment; and with that presentiment which so often creates its own object, he confidently looked forward to an adventure. After traversing a wide lawn, remote from but directly in front of the portico of the mansion beneath which was told in marble the story of Hippomenes and Atalanta, while other mythological groups were scattered near, Denham entered a closely planted thicket, and for a time the path wound amid a thousand fragrant and flowering shrubs, till at a sudden turn it emerged upon the broad bosom of a deep and rapid stream, which formed one of the boundaries of the garden. Here he stopped and throwing himself on the sunny bank of the river, and leaning against the root of a tall poplar, resigned himself to one of

those delicious reveries, the companions of summer solitude.

At length he became aware, or else his fancy beguiled him, that other and sweeter sounds were mingled with the breeze, as if the naiad of the stream were chaunting one of those lays that oft have lured the listener to his ruin, as German traditions, and many a German ballad, sufficiently testify. Yielding to the influence of the soft music that seemed to float upon the air, rather than rousing himself to ascertain its source, he listened in silent delight to the tones of melody which gradually became more distinct, and syllabled themselves in the language of his own distant country. To have heard a German and Italian, or even a French song, would have been an incident sufficiently in keeping with the scene to have excited no astonishment; but he was not prepared for the words which now reached his ears, sung too, with a purity of accent that seemed to say that the language was native to the singer.

When the last notes of the song had ceased, Denham, who had till now been wholly absorbed in listening to them, rose softly from the green sward where he had stretched himself, and stole towards the spot from whence they appeared to issue: but the foliage was too close to admit of his obtaining even a glimpse of anything that might be concealed beyond.

He therefore noiselessly followed the path by the river's brink, till an opening in the thicket disclosed to him a passage through it. Following this route for a few yards, he came to an open circular place, where stood an antique looking hermitage, constructed of logs, and roofed with thatch and surrounded by a cross rudely shaped from the branches of the pine. The hermitage, however, had at present no tenant, though a small book lying open on a little table within indicated that it was not abandoned to utter solitude: but athwart the grass plot in front of the building his eye caught the hues of a many colored parterre in a beautiful dell, where, half hid amidst a profusion of geranium, oleander, and Arabian jasmine, rose a light gilded summer house of circular form, the trellis of which was sufficiently unclosed to admit of his discerning the outline of female forms.

They were three in number—a lady of middle age, and two companions so much younger that they might have been her daughters. The elder lady was a very fair specimen of the matrons of her class in Germany. From the ease of her manner, and a certain grace of demeanor, it was plain that she was an *Edelfrau*, nobly born as well as noble allied.

Of her companions, one was busily engaged in drawing, and as she bent over her

study, Denham could mark a very classical profile and well shaped head, with very dark hair, so arranged as to assist rather than diminish the effect of the countour. The other was leaning against the trellis of the pavillion: her back was towards Denham, so that her features were not visible, but the outline of a finely formed figure was clearly perceptible. Her head was uncovered, and a profusion of fair hair flowed over her shoulders, and fluttered occasionally in the breeze as the light wind gently moved the sunny clusters. A little straw bonnet hung by a ribbon on her arm, while before her she seemed to mark the cadence. This was token enough to show who it was that sung the song which Denham had just heard, even if her clear silver tones had not betrayed her as she laughed merrily in reply to some observation from one of her companions. Presently another question was addressed to her and the answer was given in German, with that fluency of utterance and correctness of pronunciation which distinguish the language spoken in Hanover, and make it to Germany what the French of Blois is to France.

After a few minutes, an exclamation arose in the pavilion, '*Wo ist er gegangen! —er ist weg! Wo ist der hund!*' and then came scampering past the spot where Denham stood a beautiful little Italian greyhound, with a long blue ribbon, which was attached to his collar, streaming behind him. Denham turned, and soon caught the little creature, and was leading him back towards the pavilion, when the fair girl, whose face he had not yet seen, came running in pursuit of her favorite. Unaware of the presence of a stranger, her bonnet still hung on her arm, and her bright hair, to which exercise gave motion, floated around her, as like the flying figure of the sculptured Atalanta in the distance, she eagerly rushed to the race.

'Zephyr? Zephyr! come back sir!' she cried; when Denham appeared before her with the delinquent. She stopped in surprise, while the glow of confusion added richness to the color with which health had dyed her lovely cheek. Denham gazed upon her for some moments without speaking; then recovering himself, he expressed in imperfect German the pleasure he felt at restoring the little truant.

A brief 'I thank you, sir: you are very good,' was the answer returned in his own tongue, and with a low curtsy she withdrew: but their eyes met as she did so.

CHAPTER II.

THE BREAKFAST.

"He was a man of a strange temperament."

BYRON.

It was with a very odd kind of sensa-

tion that Charles Denham found his way out of the garden, and went back to his hotel to breakfast. He certainly thought more of Italian greyhounds than of the '*gerauchtetes Rindfleisch*' before him; blue eyes more than divided his attention with the accustomed '*kartoffeln*,' and '*pumpernickel*' was well-nigh forgotten in the remembrance of the bright tresses he had that morning seen. He contrived however, after all, to make a tolerable breakfast.

But Denham's attention was shortly attracted towards other objects: while slowly discussing his last cup of coffee, and pondering abstractedly over the *Zeitung*, wondering if the very hard words and crooked black characters which he saw there could by any chance bear any relation to the sweet accents of the fair songstress of the garden. While thus engaged, three strangers entered the room. At a glance he saw that they were his countrymen: for it requires a long residence abroad to continentalize the aspect of an Englishman. Let his hair and beard grow for two or three years: get him a very bad tailor: dress him in a dingy green frock and blue trousers; put a pipe in his mouth, and crown him with a camblet forage cap with a flat peak, and you may then mistake him for a German.

But the newly arrived Englishman is known by other signs. He has, for the most part, a fresh complexion, a neatness of costume, and an air of exclusiveness which belong to no other people: he is very much bent on manifesting his independence, which he looks upon as always about to be assailed; and he asserts it frequently, to the prejudice of his reputation for good manners. He begins his travels with a secret contempt for those with whom he is about to sojourn,

"Regardant tout avec un air hautain."

and he does not care much to conceal it: above all, he endeavors to study the men and manners of the countries he visits, by consorting as much as possible with his own countrymen. Such are the majority of the untravelled English: but time and the hour teach them a different lesson, and shape them into different men.

The three who now entered the saloon differed much in aspect, though they resembled each other in purpose. The two younger were tall: one of them pale, with a deep-set eye and thoughtful expression of countenance: the other of florid complexion, with good nature, carelessness, and courage stamped on his open features. Both were university-men, lately released from the arduous pursuit of knowledge, not on the banks but on the bed of the Cam, where the most abstruse problems in mathematics are solved in an eight oared wherry, and science is distilled from the recesses of 'little pint bottles of beer.'

The names of these *alumni*—as Denham afterwards learnt—were the Hon. Frederic Saville and Sir Nicholas Lackland, Bart. They were travelling of course for improvement; and were endeavoring to associate with it as much amusement as a stern sense of duty would permit.

He who completed the triumvirate of new comers was a man whose appearance could not easily be forgotten. Some ten or twelve years older than his companions his features, originally finely formed, bore on them the traces of many a stormy passion and many a deep excess. The habitual expression of his countenance was that of a reckless gaiety, which deepened when thought prevailed into an aspect of settled gloom, from whence all signs of mirthfulness had vanished. His powers of mind were prodigious, his reading deep, his observation deeper, his memory highly retentive, and stored with the choicest lore: in conversation he was fluent, in argument profound; a wit a scholar, and a philosopher—and withal a most unhappy man. His personal appearance was no less remarkable. He invariably wore a large, rough blue Taglioni coat, buttoned close across his chest—a garment that increased the almost Herculean proportions of his frame, which was about the middle height; white trousers, worn in all weathers and at all seasons, and a broad brimmed hat pulled over his brows so as entirely to conceal the whole of his forehead; his hair was long and waving and intensely black, and he cherished an enormous growth of dark beard and whiskers. His hands, according to the prevailing mode, were usually thrust into the front pockets of his coat, from whence projected a thick and heavy cane. To identify him by name, he was known as the eccentric John Templewell.

The party approached the table where Denham sat, and called for breakfast.

Despite an occasional coarseness of manner, Denham could not help feeling interested in his conversation, and making a casual reply to some observation addressed generally, was directly made free of the guild by Templewell.

'Ah!' said he, 'I knew you were an Englishman before you spoke; let me introduce to you your countrymen. I don't know any of your names; but you'll find 'em all out in time. What a dull place this Hanover is! We must hit upon something to make it out.'

There was a kind of freemasonry about Templewell's manner that operated marvellously on those who surrounded him; it overcame the habitual reserve which Englishman always manifest towards each other before they are introduced, and established an intimacy at once.

I'm the oldest resident of the lot in

these parts, I believe,' said Templewell. I've been in this place exactly a month, as the cursedly long, illegible bill they brought me in here yesterday most unsatisfactorily assured me. I'll pilot you about the place this morning; we'll have a quiet table at dinner to ourselves there in the corner, out of the way of these fellow's toothpicks; afterwards we'll take a carriage and drive to the Lindenburg, and hear the bugles of the Jagers; and then we can finish the evening wherever it pleases ourselves—or the *polizei*, for they are deucedly fond here of making you get into rows, that they may have the benefit of your being *bestrafen*.'

'*Bestrafen*!' enquired Sir Nicholas,—'what's that?'

'Why in plain English, it means being fined. They fine you for everything here. If you walk on a grass plot instead of a gravel walk, half a dollar! smoke a cigar in the streets, half a dollar! And if there were such a thing as a pretty girl in the place, they'd fine us half a dollar for looking at her!'

'And are the women so *very* ugly?' demanded the Hon. Mr. Saville.

'I'll tell you what,' replied Templewell, 'if you can find me a handsome woman in the town I'll marry her; and that's rather a bold offer. Beauty! They dare scarcely open their mouths—except at dinner, for fear you should see their teeth. Their complexions are coarse: their figures clumsy; and then their ankles! Did you ever hear what a traveller lately said of them?'

'No pray enlighten us,' said the baronet.

'Why, he declared that the reason their legs were so thick was because they always wore *boots under their stockings*!'

'Come, come!' observed Denham; 'he must have libelled them; I've seen some very neat feet and ankles already, I assure you.'

'Ah, indeed!' exclaimed Templewell; then you must have made good use of your time, and were particularly favored. But, suppose we make the experiment *en masse*? We can compare notes as we go. What say you to our adjourning to the conditorei in the Leine Strasse?'

'Agreed!' cried the party simultaneously, and they accordingly sallied forth.

CHAPTER III.

THE CONDITOREI.

Why did she love him? Curious, be still,
Is human love the growth of human will?

BYRON.

THE Leine Strasse is the principal street in Hanover. The approach to it by the old bridge from the Calenberges Strasse is very picturesque. On one side is a long range of houses, varying in antiquity from the sixteenth to the seventeenth century,

with the fronts curiously carved and sculptured; the upper stories projecting far beyond those beneath, and all terminating in high, pointed gables, of different degrees of elevation. A great peculiarity in all the street views in this city arises from the windows opening outwards; and as they are never closed in the day time during fine weather, the number of light lattices, with the sun gleaming upon the panes, produces the effect of myriads of dragon flies' wings, and has a very singular appearance. Immediately opposite these old buildings is a large square, two sides of which are formed by the royal palace, or *schloss*, in which is included the public theatre; and at the extremity of the view is the Leine Strasse, containing the *residenz*, or king's house, the clubs and the principal shops in town; directly in front of the spectator, across an old market place is the dark yawning entrance of the Jerdein Strasse, narrow and gloomy, yet highly picturesque; and above all rises the high red spire of the Schloss Kirche, which is seen from every part of the city.

Proceeding across the bridge, and passing some beautiful relics of the ornamental architecture of the latter end of the fifteenth century, which are still preserved in the Leine Strasse, the four Englishmen made the best of their way to the *conditorei* indicated by Templewell.

A *conditorei* is a German pastry cook's shop, which differs from an English one in this respect, that every thing to eat or drink may be obtained at it, from a butter-brot of caviar to a beefsteak, or from a glass of liquor to a flask of Johannisburg, or a bowl of punch. These establishments as is commonly the case everywhere, are graced by the presence of one or more fair damsels, whose personal attractions are not the least inducement to the idlers who frequent them. Though Templewell's *boutade* against Hanoverian beauty was so roudly made, it was plain that his secret conviction was very different, for the maiden who administered at this *conditorei* was evidently the object that daily attracted him thither. Unlike the generality of her country women, Doretta Brandis was of olive complexion, with dark large eyes full of expression, and long, silken black hair: her teeth were as white as ivory, and revealed themselves not unfrequently as she smiled upon her customers. She was of the middle height, inclining rather to *embonpoint*, but very beautifully formed and wearing the neat corsage and bright colours of her native town of Hilderheim, looked as pretty object as a traveller might hope to encounter in such a spot. Though comparatively uneducated, her mental qualifications were of a superior order; and though ignorant of the language of her English visitors, her quick

glance and acuteness of perception enabled her at once to catch the meaning of almost every thing that was said; and if allusion were made to herself, it might just as well have been spoken in her own tongue. Many sweet words and honeyed phrases had been poured into her ear by young and handsome strangers, but her heart had remained untouched till the arrival of the eccentric Englishman, and then it yielded at once, and to a mode of assault which, since the days of Petruchio, has rarely been adopted. Templewell had at first sight been struck by her beauty, and perhaps his eyes had involuntarily betrayed his secret, but his tongue as yet had never told it; he seemed on the contrary, to have adopted for his maxim, to 'woo her as the lion woos his bride,' so rough was his greeting, and so abrupt the manner in which he invariably accosted her. Templewell presented his friends to the pretty *conditorina*, with his accustomed courtesy.

'Here, you German frau, Doretta, these countrymen of mine—what do you call'em—landsleute?—curse your language—English herrs; gentlemen, though they don't wear rings on their fore fingers like the Hanoverian noblemen. Give me a cigar.'

Doretta laughed, blushed, cast down her large eyes, and curtsied to the new comers. Then effecting to pout at Templewell as she gave him a light, she said,

'Sie sind sehr böse (wicked) Herr Temple—' She could pronounce the rest of his name.

'She says I'm boozy, does she? Thank God I'm not quite drunk! But what can one do in a place like this? It would be a mercy never to be sober again!'

A quick fire of broken German and English was then opened by the party upon the fair *conditorina*, who sustained her share of the dialouge with wit and self-possession.

'What's the German for 'pretty,'? asked the baronet.

'Why, the German for 'pretty,' as far as it goes,' replied Templewell, 'stands behind that counter. But the word for it is nearly as good as the conception of it in Germany. What do you think of 'hubsch'? Is'nt it melody itself to utter it? It was a wild boar, I believe, who first invented language in this country.'

'Vous etes—particularly—hubsch,' said Sir Nicholas, looking tenderly at Doretta, and making what Mrs. Malaprop would have called a Cerberean effort to master three languages at once.

'What! caught already by that flirt?' cried Templewell. Oh! she can understand you fast enough: it's always the last comer with her.'

'Es ist nicht wahr, Herr Temple—' said Doretta, quickly, stifling a sob.

'What the devil! so soon down upon me, hold your tongue!—sey rukig—and hear what he's going to say to you. Don't you see he has fallen in love; it's 'all round his hat' with him,—Ganz herum sein hut,—as it may be worthily translated.'

'Ich weiss nicht was ist das! Ich kann nicht verstehen,' replied Doretta, utterly unable to comprehend this jargon. 'Was macht er mit seinem hut?'

'She wants to know what you are going to do with your hat,' said Templewell, addressing Sir Nicholas.

In conversation like this, half idle and half satirical, the morning wore away, and breaking up the conclave at the Conditoirei, the party strolled about the city, examining with a critical eye whatever was worthy of comment, until the hour arrived which summoned them to assist in the labors of the *table d'hôte*.

When a moderate circulation had ensued of the grape called 'generous' by prescription, Denham suggested the proposed excursion to the Lindenburg, to hear the really splendid bugles of the Jagers; and though perhaps Templewell and the baronet would rather have despatched another bottle of *Rudesheimer* before they started, the proposition was finally agreed to.

'We must have the Count said Templewell; we can't do without him.'

'Who is the Count?' inquired every one.

'You shall see,' was the answer. 'Here, Kellner, send up the Graf.'

'Yes, sare;' and the waiter proceeded on his mission.

In a few minutes the door opened, and the individual called 'the Count' made his appearance. He merits, perhaps, a brief description. The Count was an elderly man, hovering, it might be, on the confines of sixty years; but an air of pretension, to which he owed his title, robbed Time of at least ten years of his claim, and a red spot on each cheek, which some hinted was less natural than the hue of the winter apple, which it most resembled, materially assisted the delusion. He had a light grey eye, whose ordinary expression was 'What can I do to be of service to you?'—but there was a cunning twinkle in it occasionally, that asked the real question of himself, 'How can I make the most of these English Herrs?' Accordingly he shaped his conduct to meet both categories and with a puckered up face, on which there gleamed the rays of a perpetual smirk he was every one's *lohnbedienter* (hired servant) who paid him for his trouble. He had originally served in the German Legion, and had subsequently been valet, courier, and—if you choose to believe his assertion, though few did—confidential domestic to a great many English gentlemen whom, as he said, he 'took care of.' He

spoke English and French remarkably well, and allowed his many masters to abuse his native language as much as they pleased. His figure was wiry and spare, and about the middle height; and there was an odd sort of motion observable in his hands when he spoke, which he said was one of the inevitable attributes of finished oratory, but which to a common observer bore a closer resemblance to the action of one accustomed to the flourish of a pair of barber's tongs. He had, in fact, at one time been the regimental tonsor, before side curls were exploded. He was very particular in regard to his costume, inclining not so much to old fashions as to old clothes, for the excellent reasons that what he wore was generally the cast of apparel of the gentlemen whom he served.

He always prided himself therefore upon the cut of his coat—wearing blue with gilt buttons for choice—and by dint of furnishing and sponging, made as respectable a figure as many a faded old dandy of more extensive means. For his nether garments he chiefly affected nankeens, and gave the preference to a white waistcoat and neckcloth. In fact his ambition was to dress as near as possible to the style of a noble lord with whom he had once resided 'in the Mansion House of the city of London,' as he magnificently expressed it. One characteristic of his manners must not be omitted; it was his endeavour to render everything he said as impressive as possible, and therefore he invariably prefaced his speeches by an earnest adjuration, expressive of thy honor and truth that dwelt within his bosom.

'Count,' said Templewell, rising and waving his hand with an air of mock courtesy, 'we desire the pleasure of your delightful society to the Lindenburg this afternoon. Can we get there in time to hear the bugles?'

'Gentlemen,' returned the Count, with a bow of deep solemnity, upon my honor, —I tell you sincerely—you will be exactly in the right moment, if you come along now. It is no more than a half hour's drive.'

'Is there a jarvey ready?' inquired Templewell.

'He is close to the door,' replied the Count. 'There is no time to lose—I tell you sincerely.'

'Well, bundle away, old fellow.' The Count looked with a deprecating air, as much as to say 'Consider my dignity: these gentlemen are strangers.'—'I beg your pardon most noble Count—we are ready to attend upon you. Be off!'

The party now descended from the saloon, and soon found themselves driving rapidly through the Vorstadt, or suburb of Linden, towards the site of the summer promenades.

The Lindenburg is one of the few really picturesque spots near the city, being situated on the only height in its vicinity. It stands a little to the west of Hanover, a short distance from the road which leads to Nenndorf, the single place of licensed dissipation in the Hanoverian dominions. The view from it is remarkably fine the eye traversing a wide extent of variegated country towards the south, till the distance is lost in the dim outline of the loftiest range of the Hartz. To the left lies the town, with its lofty spire of dusky red towering above all: and to the right, the bold summit of the Deister, distant some twenty miles, rises dark and frowning from the plain. The grounds on the Lindenburg are very prettily laid out, and crowning the hill is a large building, originally, perhaps a private dwelling, but now used as a *gasthaus*, whence the refreshments were procured for the company in the gardens.

The amusements were simple, the ladies drank tea, the gentlemen beer; the music was excellent, and the waltzing superb. The English Herrs, sitting at a table by themselves, and discussing a bottle or two of champagne, with considerable demonstrations of mirth, were the focus of observation; not the least conspicuous amongst them was Templewell, who spoke and laughed much louder than the rest, and threw into his manner an air of contemptuous defiance, as if he sought to provoke animadversion. The simple Germans, however, only stared at him, and gave utterance to the invariable monosyllable, 'So!' and then resumed their amusement.

Denham looked anxiously amongst the many pretty girls who were assembled here, to see if he could perchance discover the damsel upon whom, in spite of himself his thoughts still ran; but it was in vain—she was nowhere to be seen.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE DEAD MAN'S HAND; OR THE RIDE TO SAINT-THOMAS A WATERING

BY PAUL PINDAR, GENT.

TIME was when a couple of hours were consumed in travelling from London to Greenwich by the stage, and many are yet living who remember that they were even longer than this on their journey! But in these degenerate days, people are whisked thither in twelve minutes by the all powerful aid of steam. Like the omnibus, every body abuses, yet every body ('nearly every body,' whispers our aged maiden aunt) uses the railway, when they wish to see the Painted Hall, the 'goodly trees' which Evelyn planted in the Park, and to

eat whitebait at the Trafalgar. Then that well known thorough-fare, the old Kent Road, was not skirted nearly from one end to the other with every variety of cockney dwelling, and the picturesque Surrey hills seemed nearer to the traveller, because there were fewer objects between them and the road.

One evening, in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth, a solitary traveller came along this road at a sort of professional jog-trot, on the 'outside' of an animal which 'the most timid lady,' as horse dealers' advertisements phrase it, might have ridden in safety, seeing that it was well stricken in years, and as blind as a mole.

The costume of the rider was an extremely plain suit of rusty black, with a ruff of formal shape. His beard was dark and crisp, and seemed scarcely long enough to have attained the peaked shape then so much in fashion, with moustaches of the same hue, the ends of which were turned downwards, in contradistinction to the upward twirl affected by military men in those days, both by their contrast, setting off to great advantage a pale but very handsome face.

As the traveller approached the spot, known in old records as St. Thomas a Watering, from the stream which crosses the road, just below the modern inn called 'The Green Man,' the clear waters of which has long since been converted into a sewer of inky hue, he saw beneath the shade of a clump of elms by the road-side a gypsy's tent, from which proceeded the shrill cries of a female, as if in great bodily anguish; at the same time a man of sinister aspect came running towards him, apparently in great tribulation.

'Master! master! Good master!' cried the vagabond, 'save my poor wife!'

'How now?' said the horseman checking his steed; 'I thought thy tribe ruled the Fates, and that they obeyed your bidding.'

'Nay, nay,' rejoined the gypsy, imploringly, 'trifle not, master; come with me, or I may be too late!' and seizing the bridle of the horse, he led the way to the tent.

When the young surgeon for such he really was emerged from the tent, the gypsy tribe crowded round him, loaded him with their blessings, and assisted him to mount his steed; a favor which he would have declined, having some misgivings as to his purse, which he took care to see was in its right place, as soon as he had regained the road.

'The vagabonds!' thought he, 'they were loud in their thanks; but were my poultry roost at hand, they would by way of fee for my services rid me of a capon or

two! I trow we shall find them at Southwark fair on Thursday.'

With these words, Frank Field, the young surgeon and apothecary, of the High street, Southwark, applied his staff to the flank of his steed, and proceeded on his way.

Now Master Field was a new comer, and had commenced practice with very slender means. His predecessor had, it is true, made a fortune in the neighborhood; but somehow or other, people were getting too wise to run to the doctor in every ailment. Besides, others of the same profession had started about the same time as Master Field; so he had much to contend with. Nevertheless, his handsome face and figure, and superior address, gained him many friends, and some admirers; while a few thought it a pity he was so poor, a fact which they surmised from the very limited nature of his establishment, the blind nag, and the aforesaid 'seedy' suit of black, which latter, on a sunny day certainly did look as if it had seen long service.

Among the young surgeon's patients was a rich widow, one Mistress Deborah Humphrey, a comely dame of some forty years, who, on more occasions than one, had given him the broad hint that 'there was something very solitary and comfortable in the life of a lone woman—very.' All this, however, fell on a deaf ear, while Frank Field remembered that another patient of his, Master Ralph Sutton, the scrivener, had a daughter of surpassing beauty, the admiration of every youth in Southwark; so that it is not greatly to be wondered at that our young surgeon paid more frequent professional visits to the house of the wealthy scrivener than to the dwelling of the buxom widow Humphrey.

As for Master Sutton, report said that his brain was turned with visions alchemical, and that he often shut himself up for days together in pursuit of this study, in which he was sometimes assisted by his neighbor, Gideon Figgins, a retired felt maker. Our readers well know that when a man's heart is bent on the creation of wealth, he has seldom a thought for anything else in the world. This was precisely the case with Master Ralph Sutton; and it will therefore, be no marvel when it is added that Frank Field profited by this constant occupation of the old notary. Many a time was Frank improving his acquaintance with the old man's pretty daughter, Amy, when her papa was thus engaged in pursuit of the *ignis fatuus*, which at that period led so many wiser heads astray.

It happened however, a few days after the event described in the previous chapter, that the old notary had occasion, quite

unexpectedly, to enter the little parlor, in which his daughter usually sat, when to his infinite surprise and indignation, he discovered the lovers in most endearing dalliance. Impunity had begotten carelessness, and the young people were quite taken by surprise. Frank Field had just uttered some absurd rhapsody common to people in his situation, ending with a solemn protestation that all the powers in the world should not separate them, when Master Sutton suddenly thrust his ominous phiz over their shoulders, with the ejaculation, 'The devil they won't!'

Of course, the sequel of this was, that the gentle Amy pouted and sobbed, and was ordered to her chamber; and that the young surgeon was forbidden the house with an order to send in his bill.

Frank quitted the house with a flushed cheek and tingling ears; but, instead of going home, and making out his account as desired, he determined to kill care by mingling in the revelries of Southwark Fair, then at their highest.

Master Sutton having severely lectured his daughter on the folly and impropriety of her conduct in encouraging the addresses of a man 'who couldn't afford to keep a wife,' being much annoyed by the uproar of the affair, which he considered 'an abominable nuisance,' thought he would avoid its hubbub for an hour or two, and pay a visit to a friend in Little Eastcheap. With this intention he succeeded in elbowing his way through the crowd in the High Street, and proceeded to cross London Bridge, which at that time, besides a double row of houses, and several gates and towers, boasted a pair of stocks, and a cage that had been set up by some Lord Mayor of a preceding reign as a check upon evil doers.

The stocks, which by an ingenious contrivance, also served as a pillory when occasion required, were tenanted by a sinister-looking fellow, with the countenance of a gypsy, whom the rabble were pelting unmercifully, with every imaginable description of filth. The culprit bore this punishment very stoically; and if he was occasionally hit rather harder than usual, he did not cry out or abuse his tormentors, but seemed to regard the most active of them with more than ordinary attention, as if he wished to be sure of their identity at a future time.

Modern refinement has banished from this country that hideous relic of a barbarous age, the gibbet and the pillory has shared the same fate; but the stocks may still be seen here and there, as a warning to the sturdy beggar and vagrant. The quiet village in which we write this tale boasts a moiety of what was once a goodly pair; but if the present winter should be

a hard one, and firewood scarce, we prophesy its utter extinction some dark night.

London, we are told, could boast a pair of stocks in every ward, in the early part of the sixteenth century; and at that period the kennels furnished an abundant supply of the wherewith to bespatter the culprit. The unfortunate wight who was now undergoing this ceremony, therefore, came in for a very large share of the favors of the rabble, who by their treatment of him, appeared bent on administering all and even more than all that the law prescribed. Having exhausted the immediate vicinity, a detachment was sent to procure a fresh supply of dead cats, rotten eggs, and other etceteras, which it will be needless to recapitulate to the compassionate reader.

Master Sutton was passing by just as the reinforcement returned, and he stopped for a moment to witness the scene.

The storm of missiles now descended on the culprit with tenfold violence, and he began to lose heart, casting an imploring look on the old notary, whom he probably mistook for some person in authority. Just at that moment a little urchin, who had been actively engaged in the pelting, threw a handful of mud, and with it a fragment of a glass bottle, which alighted on the face of the criminal just above the cheek bone, and below the left eye, where it stuck fast. This was too much for human endurance; the sufferer crashed a dreadful oath, and roared with pain, while a stream of blood poured down his dirt-be-spattered face.

Master Sutton's heart, though none of the gentlest, was melted at this spectacle. He shook his fist menacingly at the most active of the boys and cast a look of compassion on the mob's anointed. He then walked up to the pillory, drew the piece of glass from the face of the sufferer, and attempted to stanch the blood.

Some of the rabble, on witnessing this act of Philanthropy, seemed more than half inclined to pelt the notary for his pains, but were restrained by others, who imagined that he was one of the dignitaries of the Bridge Ward.

Master Sutton was however, ignorant of their intentions. As he persevered in his charitable office, his patient regarded him with fixed attention. At length he said in a low tone of voice,

'Your ear, master—this is well done. Though poor, I can repay a good turn. Come closer,' (Master Sutton brought his ear nearer to the speaker,) so—listen! There was a man hung at Saint Thomas-a-Watering last week—

'Well, what then?' interrupted the notary.

'Patience, my master, or those misbe-

haved urchins, may not give me time to end.'

Master Sutton looked over his shoulder at the threatening crowd, who knew not what to make of the conference. It was well for the notary that they were a little puzzled as to the nature of it, or he might have come in for a few handfuls of black mud, which they had ready to launch at the culprit, as soon as he should be unmasked.

'Go on,' said the notary.

'On the middle finger of the dead man's hand—and he stands stiff and stark, the third in the row of gibbets—there is a latten ring, which the hangman didn't think worth taking; but it's worth all the stones in the queen's crown. Get that, and ye may have what ye list.'

Master Sutton stared, but, before he could recover from his astonishment, he saw a stir among the crowd, and the beadle of the ward, with the turnkeys coming towards them. Not wishing to be seen in such company by these functionaries, he hastily quitted the spot, and proceeded homeward, musing on the strange piece of information he had just received.

We have already said that Master Ralph Sutton walked home again after his adventure on the bridge. His mind was too much occupied by what he had heard to allow him to proceed, as he intended to his friend in Little Eastcheap: so he bent his steps homeward, his head filled with vague surmises.

Though a shrewd man in his profession, he was a credulous being, very superstitious, and as before said, on the subject of alchemy was 'a little touched.' Our *gobe mouche*, in fact before he reached his own door again, began to entertain serious thoughts of obtaining, at any risk, the ring spoken of by the man in the pillory. So when he got home, he sent for his neighbor, the *ciderant* felt maker, and begged that he would come over to him immediately. Gideon Figgins, like a trusty dog, came the moment he was called, and the two worthies were closeted together till nightfall.

About an hour after dark the two friends were seen to enter the stable yard of the White Hart, from which they afterwards emerged, well mounted on a couple of stout nags, and proceeded down the High Street.

How long the journey to Saint Thomas-a-Watering occupied, and how long the notary and his friend were absent on their unhallowed errand, concerns not the reader.

It will be sufficient to relate, that the honest folks of Southwark were in their beds, and none but night prowlers were abroad when they returned. Master Sutton entered his dwelling with the air and

manner of a thief, rather than that of an honest householder. He felt conscious that he had been led to perform an act which would not bear the light of the day, and which if it became known, might raise a mob that would pull his house about his ears. Bidding his yawning servant to go to bed, he proceeded with his friend to his private room, and carefully bolting the door, placed on the table the small bag which he carried in his hand, and threw himself into an armed chair.

'Friend Gideon,' said he in a low tone after a long pause, 'I wouldn't make another journey like this to be made an emperor.'

'Nor I, returned the *ci-devant* felt-maker, 'not for worlds!'

'Methought he struggled, and that his pale lips moved at me when I cut off his hand.'

'Ugh!' ejaculated Master Figgins, shuddering, and tapping nervously with his foot.

'You look cold,' observed the notary, assuming a careless tone.

'Ye-e-es—l-l-l am!' replied his friend.

'Pshaw! pluck up a spirit, man. Faint heart never won the prize yet. Let's see if there's a drop of aqua-vitæ left.' And he began to rummage in his closet, from which he extracted a bottle containing the stimulant. 'Here,' pouring out a glass, 'take this, and then let's to business.'

Master Gideon Figgins gulped the dram with a grimace. Friend Ralph, said he, assuming a look of expostulation.

'What now?' demanded the other.

'I've been thinking that there was no need of taking the whole hand—'

'Perhaps not,' interrupted the scrivener; 'but to tell thee plainly, I wanted to get away from the spot and didn't stand much on ceremony. That great owl perched on the gibbet scared me nearly out of my wits.'

'I thought it was the devil!' said Master Gideon, placing the back of his chair close to the wall.

'Well, but we're all safe now!' rejoined the notary, angrily. 'Prithee leave off this fooling and take out the prize.'

Master Gideon, with a grimace, expressive both of repugnance and fear, rose from his seat, and taking up one corner of the bag, shot out the grisly relic on the table.

'There 'tis!' said he, 'ugh! ugh! I can't abide such things!'

Master Sutton attentively regarded the miserable remnant of mortality for some seconds. Its appearance will not bear description. On the middle finger was a plain, massive ring of latten. With some difficulty the scrivener succeeded in drawing it off, and then examined it by the candle. Externally there was nothing remarkable about it, and Master Sutton

thought it no marvel that the executioner didn't think it worth taking, especially as it could not then have been removed without violence. In the inside, however, engraved in ancient characters, were the well known names 'Jasper, Melchior, Balchasar,' and on examining it still further, it was perceived that the ring was hollow, and opened with a spring.

'Ha!' exclaimed the notary, as his eye sparkled with delight. 'All's right! there's something inside!'

As he said this he extracted from the ring a piece of parchment of most delicately formed texture, closely rolled up.

'Here it is! here it is, Gideon Figgins!' he continued rubbing his hands in great glee. 'Here's what will make us acquainted with that precious secret, which others have sought for in vain!'

He then proceeded to unroll the parchment, which, on being spread out, was found to contain a strange medley of characters, somewhat resembling those on the gnostic amulets of the first three centuries. First of all, there was the figure of a serpent with its tail in its mouth, encircling the Greek letters IHOYA; then followed the name of the seven angels, Michael, Gabriel, Uriel, Raphael, Ananael, Proso-rael, and Chabsael; then that mystical and all-potent arrangement, the *abracadabra*, in the form of an inverted cone:—

ABFACADABPA
BPACADABFA
PACADABPA
ACADAPBA
CADAPBA
ADAPBA
DAPEA
ABPA
BPA
PA
A

Underneath this was written, in a little cramped hand:—'*Yow who would fain to knowe the secret of Achitophosticophobolion-ostos, the famed Ephesian sage, repeate seventy mes the Abracadabra, at ye cock-crowinge, lookyng towards the east; then awaite patientlie the signe that shall be given yow!*'

'Umph!' said the notary, 'that's a long name o' the Ephesian worthy; but we must be careful to listen to the cock-crow-ing, Gideon. How speeds the time?'

'It wants but half an hour to daybreak,' replied the felt-maker; 'I've just heard the chimes of St. Savior's sound three.'

'Good!' rejoined the notary; 'then we must e'en while away the time. Let's put away this grim relic.'

Master Sutton took up the remnant of mortality, returned it to the bag, and placed it in his closet; he then took out one of his favorite books on magic and alchy-

my, and seating himself in his elbow chair attempted to read: in which, however, he was interrupted by the snoring of his companion, who had fallen fast asleep.

The half hour seemed a long one to the notary; he soon threw aside his book, and then began to spell the Abracadabria on the slip of parchment contained within the ring. Having, as he considered, mastered this difficulty, he placed the candle in the chimney, and drew aside the curtain. Day was dawning, and the sparrows on the housetops were commencing their matins. With difficulty he awoke his companion, and led him to the window which he threw open.

The sun was about to rise; a few white fleecy clouds were sailing across the blue sky, as if clearing the way for the glorious luminary: the crimson glow in the east brightened into orange, and the next moment the latticed window of the bell-tower of St. Savior's church was in a blaze of light. Just then the cock crew loud and shrill; and Master Sutton began to repeat the Abracadabra; but as he did so, another sound struck on his ear. It mingled with the chimes of the clock, but yet it was not the sound of bells; no, nor was it the music of the spheres, which poets sing of; it seemed to the ear of the notary like the clank of cleavers; and as he craned his neck, and looked down the High Street, he beheld a file of greasy fellows, in blue aprons, and red woollen caps, coming towards his house.

'What the devil can this mean?' said the notary, withdrawing his head, and turning in amazement to his friend, Gideon Figgins. 'What makes these rogues abroad so early? My mind misgives me. Me thinks I am befooled, neighbor.'

Gideon put his head out of the window, to take a view of the procession, and was much astonished to find that they drew up in front of the house.

'Good morrow, Master Notary!' cried the leader of the band, giving a flourish, 'may you live to see a round dozen 'o grandchildren.'

The notary here thrust his head out of the window, and replied to this salutation with a torrent of abuse—the record of which for the ladies' sakes, we suppress. The rejoinder was a shout of laughter, so loud and riotous that it brought several of the neighbors to their casements.

'I wish I had a kettle of hot water,' said the notary.

'Come, come, old sir,' cried the leader of the red caps, 'if the toast be not baked, and the ale be still in the barrel, we can make shift at the Kentish Wain: only you must toss us a crown for our pains.'

'I'll see you d—d first!' roared the enraged notary.

'Or a quarter angel!' continued the fellow.

'Largess! largess!' shouted the band, accompanying the cry with a flourish of their music.

In the midst of this uproar, Master Sutton's maid-servant entered the room, holding her apron to her eyes.

'How now?' cried the notary.

'Oh! oh! oh!' sobbed the girl, who acted her part to perfection. 'Miss Amy? Miss Amy, sir?'

'Ha! what! what of her? where is she?' cried the notary and his friend in a breath. The truth flashed on their minds at once.

'Gone, sir! gone! oh! oh! oh! sobbed the girl.

'Begone! wench!' cried the notary, 'begone! I'll have the whipped through Southwark for this. Begone, I say!' and throwing himself into a chair, he wept like a disappointed child, with very shame and mortification, for he saw clearly that he had been made a fool of, and had lost his daughter into the bargain.

The sequel of our story need scarcely be recited, but it ought, in justice, to be recorded that, though Frank Field had, like a fond and watchful lover, availed himself of the opportunity afforded by the temporary absence of the notary to persuade Amy to leave her parental roof, and become his wife, he had had no part in the trick that had been played her father.

Why the man in the pillory had sent the notary on such a fool's errand to St. Thomas a Watering was never known; but it was generally supposed that there was a design to rob, and perhaps murder him; a fate which he had probably escaped by taking a companion with him.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

JUDAS; A TRAGIC MYSTERY.

Were we to search back through the vanished ages of the world's literature, from the great father of English Epic to the minstrel king of Salem, we would find that divine subjects and sacred events have been ever considered as within the legitimate province and the favorite theme of the poet. But the hymn, or the prayer, or—as imagination took a freer range—the epic bounded the flight of the sacred bard during many a cycle—and yet such—(we dare affirm) were not the true bounds of the realms of holy song. In the reproduction of all great and moving passages of human life or human history—in repainting on the field of imagination all those sensations of the sublime, the preternatural, the adorable, and the tender, in hues which have the nearest approximation in vividness and power to the color

and body of the original, we maintain that the dramatic form is the most effective of all media; and as it is the most perfect form of literary re-production, so it is, after all, in reality the ultimate standard to which the mind refers all composition, and by which it measures its excellence and effect. This a few words will prove.—The epic or narrative style is excellent and effective exactly in the degree in which it produces in the mind and imagination a present picture of the characters and events in action as they were at the time which the chronicler refers to; in other words, dramatises its subject; for it is the nature of all narrative, as it sinks in the mind, to re-produce itself in the imagination in the form of drama. This proposition, though it may appear novel in its enunciation, will receive the ready assent of all who are in the habit of making their own thoughts and feelings the subject of contemplation; and it is somewhat singular that while in the history of literature the epic or narrative has preceded certainly, if it have not given birth to the dramatic; in the process in the mind of the poet that order is inverted; there the dramatic is the parent of the epic, and the latter is affective exactly in proportion as the former has been in vigorous action and high power in the mind during composition. And thus it happens that the last and highest point of literary achievement is the re-production of things in their most natural and original form.

Two sisters present a striking analogy to what we have just advanced. Painting is dramatic, and her highest praise is to be a stimulator, and, in the presence of the cheated spectator, to steal for the time the name and guise of Nature. Music is epic, and looks not so much up to nature, as back to memory. The former has the homage of all; a thousand dull ears refuse to bow before the latter; this is indeed the elder sister, but that is the mightier magician—for she evokes the past to relieve in substance before our eyes, while music but brings back upon our senses the dim shadowy visions of departed things, with the feeling that they are departed for ever.

When the power and superiority of the dramatic style had at length been fully appreciated, it would have been wonderful indeed if the sacred poet should have alone refused its aid. That its adaption to sacred subjects was so tardy as it has been, is attributable certainly not to its unfitness, but to the rigidity of puritanical principles, whose freezing influence was most intensely felt at the very period when the poetic spirit was making its most memorable and mightiest efforts in England.—The Puritan, his principles, and his influence have happily long since passed away; and after many struggles, the fitness of the

dramatic form, as a most poetic and powerful vehicle for sacred subjects, has been triumphantly proved in the pure and classical compositions of Milman.

We shall best afford to our readers an adequate idea of the book before us, and accord to its author the best measure of justice that the necessarily circumscribed limits of periodical criticism permit, by giving a brief outline of the drama. The scene, we need scarcely say, is laid in Jerusalem, and some of its ever-memorable suburbs; the time ranging from the day preceding to that following the crucifixion; the characters, with the exception of Chavah and a few others, which the effective conduct of the drama requires, are those which holy writ associates with that most awful and surpassing scene of the world's history. But from amongst them one is absent; and most judiciously has the dramatist shrunk from a task to which even the genius and skill of Milton were found unequal. Rightly has he declined to exhibit one whose hallowed portraiture his own Holy Spirit alone endowed human pen with the power to delineate; a portraiture so sublimely simple, yet so unapproachably sacred in the outlines which, in his transit through the world during his incarnated existence, it has been permitted us to contemplate, that no mortal limner should dare to fill in the coloring.

But short of this Mr. Starkey has dared, and dared successfully. Fresh from the presence of some manifestation of divinity, the miraculous power, the equally miraculous endurance, the adoring, the wondering, the scoffing witnesses of the event come forward to relate it according to their own several impressions; and, like the light that shone on the brow of the prophet, the proximity, without the presence of a divine actor, gives an intensity and truthfulness to the whole drama which cannot be easily surpassed.

Chavah, the beautiful mistress of Omri, one of the chiefs of the Sanhedrim, a creature in whose ruined soul some sparks of the bright affections of a purer nature still smoulder, is introduced in the second scene of the first act, to bear a prominent part in producing the treachery of Judas; and of this innovation, perhaps the most perilous experiment of the whole work, we shall have somewhat to say hereafter. In the palace of her lord she successively confers with certain scribes, and elders, and undertakes, for costly gifts to sway Omri in his place in the council; as the last of these retires Omri himself appears, and charges her with encouraging the followers of the notorious and now formidable Jesus. She admits that Judas—

A poor and puny satellite,
One of the twelve which make this Rabbi's state
Like mimic Lictors—

has, indeed, some once or twice been in the hall, but denies that she has given credence to his tales of Christ. This but strengthens Omri's suspicions, and he proposes a test to try her sincerity—induce the slave to betray his master. She hesitates, but promises at length, under the influence of Omri's threats; while the complicated plots in which she is already involved, convince her she must effect the object at any price.

In the second act the wretched hero of the mystery, Judas, appears, under the influence of feelings, which soon become evident, for mean and miserable as he is, he can claim no immunity from the passion that touches all human hearts. He loves: grovelling, hopeless, fearful, and vague though his sensations be, still it is love; and as he stealthily haunts the purlieus of the beautiful Chavah's dwelling, he exhibits in soliloquy the strange and terrible conflict which love and avarice wage in a mean and timid nature. He has bought a costly present to his mistress with what hopes he well knows not. She comes, and he tenders it with caution and consummate skill; she feels her way, and at length, deeming him sufficiently excited, she proposes her object—the betrayal of his Lord. The crime strikes him at once in all its enormity. He is stunned and silent. But he must be stimulated, his horror and fear must be swept away before the flood of some mighty passion, and his temptress holds out less vaguely the exciting hopes of her future favor. The temptation is irresistible.

And yet the combined influence of love, avarice, and ambition have not undisputed sway over the traitor's heart, there is a fearful conflict between them and his terror, the sense of his baseness, ingratitude, and the enormity of his treason, that sways him to and fro, till his resolution staggers beneath the trial. We would gladly give, if space permitted, the striking soliloquy in which these varied feelings are exhibited; we must be satisfied with saying, that in it the author has ingeniously put forward some of the less common though plausible views of the motives and objects of the traitor, which he has subsequently most fully discussed in his notes. But to resume. The council of the Sanhedrim proceed, at the instigation of Omri, to plan the destruction of Christ. Nicodemus, in whose heart still dwell the words of him he sought in the darkness of night, alone interposes to save him, and while he dares not openly to avow his feelings toward Christ, he is forced covertly to seek his ends by directing the attention of the council to weightier matters, and affecting to exhibit Jesus as a harmless enthusiast. His stratagem avails so far as to postpone the matter for future deliberation. The council is dissolved, and Nicodemus remains in deep meditation be-

hind; at length he draws near a window, whence he beholds, in the light of the evening, the valley of Jehoshaphat, the brook of Kedron, the Mount of Olives, and the Dead Sea, dimly discoverable in the distance. The picture is a fine one, drawn with the masterly hand of a painter, and in colors of solemn gloom, that most artfully prepare us for the scene that follows. For insensibly the night has deepened down on the musings of the "Master of Israel," and his prayer of sorrow and despondency, is answered by the faint harmonious voice of a comforting spirit, uttering from the volume of the law, the dubious but encouraging words of prophecy. The effect, when taken in connection with all the solemn accessories of the moment, is startlingly dramatic.

In the third act, Judas is brought before the Sanhedrim. He makes large demands, which are indignantly refused. The price of blood is at length fixed, and the plan and time of betrayal concerted; when, lo! the city rings with the fame of another miracle wrought by the Saviour.

On the roof of her father's house, which rests on the wall of the town, and overhangs a deep precipice, beneath, sits the miserable and conscience stricken Chavah. It is night, and her outwearied father sleeps tranquilly, with his head resting on her knees, as she gloomily meditates on the death she knows is fast approaching. We know not if we have ever seen anything more strikingly faithful, yet deeply illustrative of the intensity of human feeling, than that short meditation, exemplifying, as it does, a profound phenomenon of our intellectual being, when under some strong pressure the soul is forced into past life, with the undefined consciousness that it is the type of the present. Her musings are at length interrupted; the sound of feet is heard; her heart tells her the terrible scene that awaits her.

The fourth act commences with a spirit-chant, which warns Pilates wife in her sleep at the dawn of the next morning of the fearful events that are approaching.

The scene changes to the Prætorium, where the coarse carousing of the Roman soldiers is made subservient to a description of some of the agonies endured by the Savior that night.

We are led once more to the Sanhedrim where the successful schemes of the council, receiving at that moment their accomplishment in the execution of Christ, give a tone of exultation to their debate; when lo! the High Priest draws attention to the gloom that unaccountably increases as the day advances, and at length the portents gather awfully around—thunder and darkness, and earthquake shaking the foundations of the buildings and the hearts of the councillors. The graves yield up their ten-

ants, and through the darkness pass the forms of men in graveclothes looking ghastly at the affrighted priests. The traitor rushes in and flings the money at the feet of the horrified conclave; they repel him with loathing and horror, and the traitor, after denouncing them and himself, and imprecating curses upon all, flies forth from the eyes of men.

In the fifth act Barabbas is followed to a mean house by Omri, (who has discovered the death of Chavah,) and engaged by him to assassinate Judas. As the Pharisee goes, the traitor himself enters, and invites the robber to describe the scene of Christ's sufferings. Barabbas relates all, while Judas listens in silence.

At length the former lifts the wine cup to drink to the health of the man (unknown to him) who betrayed Christ, and ere he can withdraw his hand, Judas stabs him. Meantime, Peter, that night assails the door of the high priest's palace, and in an agony of remorse, awakened by the look of Jesus at his denial, offers to deliver himself up. He is thrust out by the guards and determines to spend the night prostrate at the foot of the cross.

Here too, Judas has decided that the act of suicide should be committed; and here he arrives at night in the midst of storm and tempest, which, however, is calm and light in comparison with that which is within his heart. Deep, burning and fearful are his communings with his own soul, which the intensity of suffering, and the approach of death have, to some degree, enlarged and exalted. At length he reaches Calvary, where the distant sound of the paschal hymn floats to his ears.

This brings a thought of earth back into his mind, till he is accosted by a demoniac, who warns him of the approaching resurrection in terms which, though he does not comprehend, goad him to fury. He threatens to exercise the demon with that name of power which has so often been obeyed. The demon defies him to pronounce it—the miserable man remembers his treason and dares not, but pointing to the cross, the demoniac flies away shrieking. As he is about to lay violent hands on himself, a cloud of mist rising from beneath, peopled with the spirit life of hell, spreads around him; he is wrapt from mortal sight, and within that phantom veil is enacted that terrific scene which Dr. Lightfoot informs us, is traditionally believed to have been the closing one in the life of Judas.

The spirits are about to slay the traitor, who is roused to a fierce resistance, and as a living man, defies the troop of shadows, and appeals to the archfiend himself—to SATAN. Amidst increasing darkness lightning, and thunder, the master fiend approaches. In words of fearful import he

throws forth his doom, but ere its consummation he disabuses his mind from the horrors of the sensible hell, which the lying demons have already depicted. Judas asks if he is true? The reply is forcible and tearful.

By the similitude of the snake who lies coiled in the grass till he springs on the browsing beast, to crush and devour him, Satan explains that he, too, is lying and deceptive till the prey is seized, but then true, for deceit is useless; and indeed, in the scene that follows, Mr. Starkey has finely conceived, and very ably executed, this idea, and makes Satan most fitly announce those divine and eternal truths which the devils believe while they tremble—truths, which, as a wise being, were within his knowledge, and as a malignant one, his object to tell, as the knowledge of them would, through all eternity, be the most intense aggravation to the miseries of his victim. We give a part of this magnificent passage.—

SATAN.

And so, give ear.

Thou'st heard these demons dirging on the note
Of pains, racks, fires, and torture—till they saw
More must be to do—and then they changed their chant
To foul employments, lust, ire, pride and hate,
And forced rebellion to a power supreme.
Thou hast appealed to Satan—he is come.
Now hear of hell from hell's own sovereign.
Hearken—give ear—'tis false—cheat—a lie—
There is no hell!—ha, ha! thou seem'st amazed.
I would not have thee whisper it for words
There—in Jerusa'em—lest they give o'er
Their hot pursuit of it. But further yet—
I'll tell thee what is hell—thy mind, thy mind
No more by clouds of prejudice obscured,
But opened to discern the real truth
Of all that thou hast never learned before.
The majesty of virtue, and the power
Of him from whom it flows, the Almighty source
Of it and happiness—the power of love,
The privilege of prayer, the bliss of praise,
The vastness of creation, and the scope
Of God's all-seeing eye, which shines amongst
His beings, as the sun upon the flowers,
Source of their being and their beauty too,
And by that knowledge doomed itself to know
Alone unlighted by the all-gladdened ray.
—I'll tell thee what is hell—thy secret soul,
Immortal, conscious, vigilant, intense,
Quivering with life, and impotent to stand
Inactive in a fervent universe,
Wherein undying labour is the meed
Conditioned unto all—and to observe
That soul, by the still-conscious mind informed,
Slow drifting on the eternal course of things,
Down that dark stream, o'er which the arch of death
Bends and obliterates the face of God.